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BEFORE THY FEET.

BY C. T.

What good gift can I bring thee, oh! thou dearest?
All joys to thee belong;
Thy praise from loving lips all day thou hearest,
Sweeter than any song.

For thee the sun shines and the earth rejoices
In fragrance, music, light;
The spring-time wooes thee with a thousand voices,
For thee her flowers are bright.

Youth crowns thee, and love waits upon thy splendor,
Trembling beneath thine eyes;
Thy morning sky is yet serene and tender,
Thy life before thee lies.

What shall I bring thee, oh, thou dearest, fairest?
Thou holdest in thy hand
My heart as lightly as the rose thou wearest;
Nor wilt thou understand.

Thou art my sun, my rose, my day, my morrow,
My lady proud and sweet!
I bring thee treasure of a priceless sorrow
To lay before thy feet.

AN ODD WOOING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKRY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

THE congregation of Drydd peeped over their high-backed pews in amazement as they beheld a tall, strange, young gentleman walking up the matting of the centre aisle.

He held himself so well, he had such a distinguished mien, and the bold, dark eye of the old Gordons, that the much-impressed, pew-opener took him for a lord at least, and ushered and showed him promptly into the only grand pew in the church, that of the Dane family—an immense square place, carpeted, as large as a room, with a table in the middle of it covered with piles of old prayer-books as ancient as the time of Queen Anne.

Over in the wall and outside it in the aisle were brasses and tablets to many dead-and-gone Danes; and their last living representative was sitting alone in the place of honor among the tarnished chipped monuments of her ancestors.

On Sunday only did she take upon her any state, and by her grandmother's wishes she was always dressed as became "Miss Dane," and sat in solitary grandeur in what had been her grandmother's armchair in the family pew.

There were no people to see her, saving the villagers, who remembered her christening in that very church.

Still every Sunday she was ushered to her seat with as much pomp as if she had been a duchess, and sat out the long morning service, and Mr. Cameron's sermon of fifty minutes.

She looked like a sunbeam among her musty, old surroundings.

Allan Gordon glanced at her in amazement as he took his seat at the opposite end of the pew.

Was this young lady in a dainty bonnet composed almost entirely of forget-me-nots, a soft, silky dress made in the latest fashion long gloves, sitting in possession of this very imposing and majestic pew, the same as the girl in the white dress and streaming hair he had met miles away rambling in the Marshes?

Of course it was! She colored slightly as their eyes met, a color which went and came in her cheeks with rapid fluctuations during the whole time of service, and her heart—for some reason she could not explain to herself—throbbed unusually fast; and I am afraid that her thoughts strayed a good deal during the service, and so did his, and so did those of many of the congregation.

"What did it mean?" they asked themselves.

And even Mr. Cameron himself, as he adjusted his spectacles preparatory to the second lesson, asked himself, as he glanced interrogatively at the handsome young man in the pew with Rosamond Dane.

"What did it mean? Was it a chance stranger? Was he a lover? Was he an adventurer, who had heard of the fame and fortune of the Rose of Drydd? No, he did not look like that. He was a gentleman, as well born as herself by all appearance. The shape of his head, the cast of his features, his easy bearing, with the eyes of the whole congregation upon him—easy without swagger—self-possessed without conceit, pointed to what old Mr. Cameron loved, race and good blood.

Of course he had not time to make all these mental memoranda at once, but by degrees, and chiefly during the singing, and he had quite decided by the time that he ascended to the pulpit that he was a probable suitor for her hand, who had apparently dropped from the clouds.

After the sermon the congregation clattered out, and were followed at a distance by Rosamond and Allan Gordon.

In the porch he paused and spoke to her, and asked her if she were none the worse for her fright on Thursday evening, and if she had ventured out in the Marshes since?

"No, she had not," she returned, "and her grandmother had been so very grateful to him, and had said she would like to see him," she replied; "but not to-day," coloring quickly. "She never, never sees anyone on Sunday, and perhaps on week-days you are busy."

"I shall make time, never fear. I'll come over on Tuesday afternoon, if I may? What a strange, old place this is; the village and church!" he added. "I never saw anything like it. Those were all the monuments of your ancestors you were sitting among, I suppose?"

At this instant the young people were joined by Mr. Cameron, who had hurried out of the vestry, and now came up holding his hand out to Rosamond, and looking very hard at her companion.

"This is a gentleman who saved me from being robbed, and perhaps murdered in the Marshes, Mr. Cameron," said Rosamond. "Mr. Gordon."

Mr. Gordon bowed; but Mr. Cameron exclaimed—

"Good heavens, Rosamond! Robbed and murdered! What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean that on Thursday evening, about five miles from here, a horrid-looking man stopped me in a lane, and made me give him up my silver necklet and belt, and ran after me and wanted——"

She blushed scarlet.

"Wanted what? Get on—get on!" very hastily.

"To kiss me! but I'm sure he meant to murder me, only luckily this gentleman came up just then."

"Lucky for you, indeed! You've no business, Rosamond, to be rambling about the country in this way: in future I shall take you out with me. I'm sure it was a most providential thing, sir, that you happened to be on the spot," now addressing Allan for the first time, and looking critically; "and I tender you my very hearty thanks," drawing off his glove and putting out his hand, "for I don't know," smiling, "what we should all do if anything happened to Miss Rose. You are a stranger in these parts, I presume?"

"Yes, quite. I am down about the new railway, and I am only a bird of passage."

"Oh, the railway, oh!" Down fell a pretty castle in the air at the one word. "And where are you stopping?"

"At Atherton, a small village."

"Atherton! 'Um! Why it's a good five miles from here. You've had a long walk to church," impressively.

"Oh!" coloring, "I am a first-rate walker. I think nothing of that, and I'd heard so much about Drydd church I thought I'd come over to service."

I am afraid that this was not strictly the truth.

I'm inclined to think that Drydd contained another attraction besides St. Martin's early Norman edifice—i. e., the young lady in the white dress, who was standing with downcast eyes, and her hand on the top of the Lych gate.

"You had better come home and take lunch with me," said the Rector, hospitably. "I daresay old Martha can bring us in a cold fowl and tongue or something, and, if you like, I'll tell you all about the church; it's most curious and interesting," said the old gentleman, whose one hobby besides botany was the old, grey building behind him.

Allan accepted gratefully, and with a reluctant good-bye to Miss Dane, whose home lay in an opposite direction, followed the Rector across the flagged pathway of the large and very crowded churchyard.

* * * * * *

It was a curious coincidence that, as the Rector and his guest were passing down the flats at the back of the manor, a white figure should be leaning over the old, wooden garden-gate.

Quite—quite accidentally, we do assure you!

"There is Miss Rose! Poor child, it would be a charity to take her for a walk! I fancy she is afraid to venture out alone!" said Mr. Cameron, "I'll beckon her," which he did immediately, suiting the action to the word with a big black thorn stick: and in five minutes Miss Rose, with cheeks the color of her name, and slightly out of breath was beside them.

She and the Rector put the stranger a good long way on the road home, and the time passed so quickly that they seemed to have been only in company about a quarter-of-an-hour, when Mr. Cameron, at a cross road, cried halt, enough!

It was a very novel experience to Rosamond to be walking alone between two men, gaily conversing and laughing, and listening and enjoying herself extremely, instead of moping round the garden, all alone.

True, she could have walked now and then with Mr. Cameron, but he generally preferred to do his botanising by himself.

She never liked to tell herself bluntly that all her delight was entirely derived from the stranger.

He had much to say—he had traveled and read; and from the way he talked to Mr. Cameron he must be clever, she told herself, and it was like breathing another atmosphere to meet another young fellow-creature, who had the long summer days of life before him like herself, and who carried a light heart in his bosom, and looked on the world with smiling, expectant eyes; and could laugh and run, and did not talk of old times as one who had not done with life and living, like all her grandmother's household, instead of being ready to enjoy and make most of the present hour, as she was.

"What a delicious evening this was!" she said to herself, as she walked along the narrow grass-lined road.

Never had the way seemed so short—the time passed so quickly, and it came to an end, of course; and whilst the Rector was poking some weeds out of the ditch with his stick Allan found time to say, "I shall see you again on Tuesday," ere he wrung her hand in a much stronger grasp than he was aware of, and bade her good-bye.

The visit to Mrs. Dane was duly paid; but alas! he came early, and Rosamond was out, had gone on a message to the village for her grandmother.

Mr. Gordon was ushered in by Maggs, and conducted upstairs to the old lady's own sanctum, where she was sitting in a high-backed chair near the window.

The room was large, and looked out on the pleasant ground, but it was low, and the windows were narrow and small.

All round the lower part of the walls a set of book-cases ran, crammed with very old musty-looking books, travels, Ramblers', sermons; over the book-cases hung sporting-colored prints of dock-tailed horses, hounds, coaches and four, of once extraordinary renown; stuffed foxes; heads, whips, and horseshoes testified to someone's taste for hunting; and on the floor over the carpet was the tanned skin of an old white horse.

Allan Gordon never dreamt that these were the household treasures of the tottering old lady, who had risen to receive him, and quavered out her thanks with a high chirrupy voice.

Maggs would like to have stayed in the room, but was motioned imperiously away, and went very reluctantly—for this was what she called "one of madam's bad days, when she was a little queer in her head."

After discoursing quite rationally for some time the old lady suddenly paused, and staring hard at her visitor, said, apropos of nothing—

"Tom Fletcher! Yes, he is like poor Tom, but looks are nothing. Aye, Tom was as good a man on a horse as ever put his foot in a stirrup; this fellow, what is he? On the railway, but he looks a gentleman all the same, I daresay," chuckling foolishly. "He is taken by her pretty face, as many a one will be; but that's nothing!" talking away her thoughts aloud, with her eyes fixed upon the garden. "I daresay I did wrong to ask him here, but she's out; there's no harm done! He is just the sort of young spark to take a girl's eye, but Rose must marry a lord, not a common man on the railway. No, no, no!" again chuckling.

Allan Gordon listened to this soliloquy with amazement—the old lady gabbled on so fast that she had poured out sentence after sentence before he had time to rally himself.

"She's out of her mind, in her dotage, poor old lady!" he said, rising; "and I won't stay here. It's as bad as eavesdropping!"

So he rose to go, and coming over, made a little speech, rather nervously for him, and took his leave.

That room was the Palace of Truth, and no mistake, and he did not fancy the situation.

"Come back! come back!" screamed Mrs. Dane, as he closed the door; "he has not had any cake and wine! Maggs—Maggs!" tearing at the bell, but he did not return; and Maggs, meeting him on the stairs, gleaned from his face that the old lady "had been a bit queer."

In the hall he met Rosamond just come in.

"Oh! how early you have come!" in a tone of keen disappointment. "I suppose you have paid your visit to grandmamma, and are going away?" to which he, of course replied that he had, and was just taking leave.

"I will let you out by the garden, then," she said; "it's a short cut!" leading the way down some steps—down a long, narrow passage, and out of a glass door into the pleasure-ground—very, very, very slowly; and they walked down to the gate, and for fully five minutes they stood talking before he opened it and passed out.

"Five, if not ten," said Maggs to herself, as she watched them from an upper window.

There were a good many meetings after this.

Mr. Cameron took Rosamond out botanizing, and it was a curious fact that almost always they accidentally fell in with Mr. Gordon out surveying, and the poor, purblind man would go along rooting and picking among mosses, and examining objects with his microscope with great minuteness, and never seeing what was so plain and glaring under his very nose, viz., that the young couple, his companions, had fallen head over-ears in love with each other.

Allan Gordon first felt pity and adoration for the forlorn, companionless girl buried alive in that remote village, and pity is akin to something else—something else which, in his case, followed very rapidly indeed; and she—she had never had a young companion near her age before, to whom she could talk freely; for "friendships," and English conversation were alike forbidden at school, and she prattled away, whilst old Mr. Cameron groped in the hedgerows, about all her small joys and sorrows, her trivial hopes and fears, and showed him the mirror of a mind that was startlingly innocent and transparent.

We need not pause to trace the rapid steps by which they fell in love, and went through the first, to them both, delightful and novel experience of "Love's young dream."

Allan Gordon had not the faintest idea that the simple, but beautiful girl to whom he had given his heart was an heiress.

There was nothing in her surroundings—nothing in the severe old-fashioned simplicity of the Manor House to point to such an idea.

He imagined her to be a kind of poor relation living on the bounty of old Mrs. Dane; and Mr. Cameron, who could have told another tale, was quite too much taken up in the active search for a rare lycopod, said to have been seen on the Marshes; to trouble his head about retailing village gossip.

Just at this juncture—this particular crisis, before a word had been spoken, or a hint given by Allan—he got sudden summons to return at once to London.

His father was seriously ill—dying, and it was in answer to a little note from Allan that Rosamond was hurrying over the grass with flying footsteps that summer afternoon.

He was standing by a little foot-bridge, looking very pale and graver than usual, and advanced eagerly to meet her as she approached.

"Forgive me!" were the first words he uttered, "for sending for you in such a cavalier fashion; but necessity knows no law. I must go to London by the mail, and a trap is now waiting to take me over, but I could not go without a word with you. Nip!" beckoning up a splendid collie dog, "I have got you a guardian—his name is Laddie. You may wander far and wide in safety, and woe be to the person that molests you, once you and he are friends! I got him down for you expressly, hoping your grandmother will allow you to accept him."

"Oh, thank you, very, very much, Mr. Gordon. How kind of you!" said Rosamond, gratefully. "What a beauty he is! Of course grandmamma will let me have him! Poor grandmamma, her mind is very odd. She does not understand much sometimes—but," paling a little, "I hope your father is not very ill!"

"I hope not for he is all I have in the world!" huskily—"the only tie I have in England. Only for him I would have been abroad, making a fortune, long ago, but I never leave him!"

"And when he is better shall you come back?"

"That will," speaking with an effort, "depend on you, Rosamond!" he said, looking at her steadily.

"On me!" her face coloring to the hue of the sunset behind her.

"You know very well that I love you, darling, and if you will love me and say you will marry me some day, I shall come back. I would not ask you this so—so suddenly, but for circumstances, and you have no one to appeal to—no relations I may say, or friends—nothing to ask but your own heart. I am not rich, but I shall get on; and you have not been accustomed to a grand house. What do you say Rosamond!" he asked, eagerly, his face pale with emotion.

Rosamond made no immediate answer with her lips, but her eyes spoke for her, and presently she placed a timid hand in his, and whispered, "yes"—a very faint, but still audible yes.

"You are not saying this because I am the only man you have ever seen, Rosie, darling? Tell me truly now, and don't let me find it out afterwards when it would kill me, my lovely, little lonely white Rose! Are you sure you love me a little?"

"Quite—quite sure!" and then they sealed their troth with a kiss—with half-a-dozen on his side; and then Rosamond shed a few tears as they said good-bye on the narrow, wooden, foot-bridge by the light of a most gorgeous sunset; and a few minutes later Rosamond, leading her new guardian by a chain, was running home across the Marshes with wet eyes and throbbing heart, no less a person than "an engaged young lady."

CHAPTER III.

ROSAMOND carried her great secret in her own bosom for many days, and lived in a condition of perfect mental beatitude.

Her mind to her a kingdom was; she spent her days making friends with Laddie, thinking of Allan, and helping to nurse her grandmother, for the old lady's mind had now entirely given way.

She had had letters from Allan—long letters.

How greedily she devoured them!

How often she went over them, favorite parts of them especially—people not in love would hardly believe!

After lingering in an imbecile state for some months, old Mrs. Dane died, and Rosamond was left entirely alone, and dependent on her own resources.

Mr. Cameron was kind and sympathetic; but he would have been kinder and tenderer to her had she been a rare British fern; and the Blacks were a couple who were always wrapped up in themselves and their imaginary ailments, and after a time Allan's father died, too, of that slow and sure disease, creeping paralysis; and the young couple, who met once more at the foot-bridge in the waning autumn evening, were now both in deep mourning, and both alone in the world, for Mrs. Brand seemed in no hurry to return to England.

She had a step-daughter whom she was anxious to launch into matrimony before she set her face homewards, little thinking of her own daughter living all alone in the solitary, dreary Manor House, who might be getting into any amount of mischief.

"I have two pieces of bad news for you, Rosamond," he said, gravely, after their first greetings were over, "and one good bit. Which will you have first?"

"Oh, the good, of course!" she answered, promptly.

"How tall and grown-up you look in this long black gown!" he remarked, gazing at her fondly.

"But I am grown-up," she answered eagerly. "Nearly eighteen, if you please; and now tell me what your news is at once."

"The news is this, that I have been offered a first-rate appointment in New Zealand on a railway, and am going to take it. I shall make quite a little fortune out there; but I shall—and here is a bit of bad news, darling—I shall be away at least for two years."

"But you will take me," she returned, decidedly.

"No—no; you must not talk of it. You must not tempt me; it would be out of the question out there. I shall be living in a log hut or tent all my time, and in the bush among navvies. You must be patient; it will be easier for you than for me."

"Must you go, and why?"

"For your sake, Rosie, only, so that you may begin life with a good start. Remember you are not eighteen yet, and I am only twenty-six; two years will pass——"

"But supposing you were to die," she said the tears now rolling down her cheeks, "away from every one in that far-off country—no friends, no one near you?"

"I must take my chance, like everybody else," he said. "The time, you will find, will run round fast."

"And for two whole years?" she cried.

"Yes; I have signed an agreement to that effect, and without telling you, for fear my courage would fail, so it's done."

"And when must you go?"

"In a month."

"Oh, Allan! How could you do it? And I'm all alone in the world!" sobbing bitterly, with her small face buried in her hands.

There were something suspiciously like tears in Allan's eyes as he made a great effort over herself, and said—

"It was on your account I did it, Rosamond."

"Then it was very cruel and wicked of you," she cried, passionately. "Two whole years! My mother will be home, and you don't know what she is, or what she will make me do. I had—and this is my bad news—a letter from her, last mail, and, Allan, she won't hear of my being engaged to you. She is dreadfully, dreadfully angry and says she forbids me ever to see you again, or to write to you," producing a thin much-crossed, scratchy-looking letter from her pocket. "But I won't give you up. I have never even seen her. She does not feel like my mother, and I—I love you; but dear Allan, don't go away and leave me, or you don't know what may happen. I've no strength of character, as grandmamma used to say; I'm always led, whether I like it or no."

"Do you mean to tell me that you can't answer for your own constancy, because say so at once, and tell me the truth; better let me go now than keep me on to cast me off in after years."

"Oh, Allan, you must not look at me like that; you frighten me. You know I shall never love anyone else, never; but I might be made to marry someone else. Remember, I am only an ignorant country girl, with no one but you for my friend," taking his hand in both of hers, and looking at him appealingly, "and they will be three to one—mother and Colonel Brand and Miss Brand; and they all say I am to make such a grand match, so grandmamma used to say over and over again, and I can't imagine why! Oh, Allan, dear, can you not stay, can you not change your mind?"

"No, no, I never change my mind," he answered, firmly. "Come, the evening is getting dusk, and I will walk home with you. We will have no more meetings here, and I shall come to you to-morrow afternoon at home and tell you all my plans."

And so he did boldly, to the front door, with a loud knock and a pealing ring, and asked to see Miss Dane.

Miss Dane was in the garden, pacing up and down the middle walk, with a red shawl over her shoulders, and her faithful Laddie by her side, and up and down the walk these two paced for fully an hour, Allan and Rosamond talking, disputing, yielding, arguing, and the upshot of it all was this—

Allan had been weighing well all Rosamond had told him the previous evening—her fears that not her love but her will would be crushed by her mother, and she was of a timid yielding disposition, the opposite to his own, who had a will of iron, and he used his knowledge of Rosamond's disposition to some purpose.

For when they walked up the garden for the last time—she very rosy and he rather pale—they had decided to be married that day week, but she was still to be left behind, and, after a year at most, all being well when he had smoothed the way a little she should come out to him.

This was the bait he offered, and which gained her consent to all his plans he had laid down and made out as he walked the Marshes for hours alone the previous evening.

Being his wife, she was safe from any designs of her Indian relations, and his beloved Rosamond, she would be constant, not merely by her inclination, but her vows.

She had been invited to spend a month near London with her school-mistress, by way of a little change.

She would go, remain two or three days, and walk out and be married some morning, and they would go away and spend their honeymoon in Paris, and he would show her a little bit of the world at last.

Every point of this had been disputed by Rosamond, one after the other, and every point had been yielded but one, and this was that the marriage was to be a secret from everyone but themselves!

No one was to know, she declared—not the Miss Phipps, not Maggs, not Mr. Cameron, no one.

She would keep on her maiden name till her mother came home, and then she would reveal the fact, but in the meantime she would rather be known as Miss Dane than Mrs. Allan Gordon.

"It is not very complimentary to me, is it Rosie, that you would rather keep your own name than bear mine?"

"It is not that, it is not that," she said eagerly, "but I should hate to be pointed at as a bride without a husband."

"I think you had much better get it over at first as last," he returned; "however, I give in in this, when you have given way so much, but all the same, Rosie, darling, I think you are wrong. I have hardly any friends, so it does not matter; but you might tell old Cameron."

"No, I won't," she said, with a pout, "and if you are very disagreeable, I shall not marry you at all. Fancy being married, Allan," stopping on the path, and looking at him with a smile; "how funny it will be. I'll wear my wedding ring round my neck, like a girl I read of the other day. Rosamond Gordon, it sounds very well."

"Yes, doesn't it, and I have something to tell you. You remember my saying I had two bits of bad news."

"No, no! No more bad news to-day?"

"It's about a property and title in our family. Well, never mind, it's not likely to affect us any way. But, Rosie, I hear five striking, and I must be going; I have a great deal to do before this day week. I shall come down and fetch you. I shall, of course, meet you at Foxhill Station, and we will travel up together to Miss Phipps's door."

"Come in, and have a cup of tea, dear! You must—you shall. It's my house now, at least for the present, and never mind Maggs."

CHAPTER IV.

AND a week later saw the young couple starting for London.

At least, Rosamond was to descend thirty miles short of the metropolis.

She had never been there, never been in any big town in her life, and was just like a child.

Two days later, one November morning, when the day was so thick they could not see across the street, and the church itself was lit by gas—at least as much of it as was required—Allan and Rosamond were married by special licence.

No one was present but the clerk and the pew-opener.

This handsome young couple had apparently no friends, or were they making a runaway match?

The man looked fully well able to mind himself and his affairs.

He was evidently belonging to the upper ten.

The girl appeared bewildered and frightened, but both pretty and happy.

And as her husband gave his arm, and led her down the aisle, it was easy for anyone to see, as they looked at them it was a real old-fashioned love-match.

A private brougham was waiting for them and they drove off to Victoria as well as the fog permitted, arrived at the Lord Warden at Dover, and crossed by the mail boat to Paris.

It was all like a dream to Rosamond.

The bright "Rue de Rivoli," the dazzling shops, the concerts, operas, picture-galleries. Was this the same world and in the same planet as Drydd?

How proud she was of her wedding ring and of Allan!

How well he contrasted with other people in her opinion!

How clever she was! He spoke French like a native.

He told her all that was interesting about places and pictures.

Her mind was like a flower that has been kept in a chill, dark place, now opening itself in the sun.

She felt miserably stupid, childish, and gauche; but she was none of the three. She had a native inborn grace of manner, a natural good breeding, and an air of distinction—mere girl as she looked—that tided her over all difficulties, and Allan heard many laudatory remarks on his beautiful wife.

She had never seen Allan in evening-dress—the touchstone of a gentleman—until they came to Paris; it suited him very well.

And she in a soft white silk and white plush opera mantle was the cynosure of many eyes when they appeared in public at theatres—which delighted our country damsel—operas, or concerts.

She understood and could read and write French perfectly, but speak it she dared not.

Our young couple stayed at the "Bristol," had a carriage and pair every day, went about to everything, and were taken from their appearance to be wealthy English people of distinction; and it was not to be wondered at, from Rosamond's slender Greek type of beauty, and Allan's clear-cut, dark, aristocratic face, that did not belie the old Gordon blood in his veins.

Being very much engaged themselves the time had wings, and had passed far, far too quickly.

Far, far too fast was the day approaching when they must tear themselves away from that brilliant city, and part—he to cross six thousand miles of ocean, she to return to her semi-vegetable existence at Drydd.

However, they made the most of the passing fleeting moments—one is not always young, "and one does not always have a honeymoon," as Allan said, and let to-morrow take care of itself.

Before leaving Paris they had one small and not strictly speaking pleasant adventure.

They had been to see the celebrated 'Sara' at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, and coming away the crowd was awful.

Allan begged Rosamond to remain in a kind of niche on the great staircase whilst he fought his way to the front and called their carriage; but Rosamond was too attractive-looking a young lady to be left alone in such a lonely place.

She was not molested by the natives of gallant France, but by two young men from her own country, who seeing an extremely pretty, timid-looking girl waiting rather aloof and alone, accosted her with vulgar compliments and pressing entreaties to be of service, to fetch her a carriage or see her home.

Mrs. Allan Gordon had no presence of mind, and no courage.

She was still a shy country girl, except when Allan was by to back her up; and very lovely she looked as she stood on the stairs, wrapped in her white plush mantle, and holding her head very high, but all the time trembling all over, and searching vainly in the crowd for her husband with beautiful, startled eyes.

One of her persecutors was far more obnoxious than the other.

He was very short and rather stout, with prominent goggling blue eyes, an eyeglass, very thin, light hair, and ditto moustache, a red complexion, very large solitaire stud, very large pointed patent leather shoes.

He was saying—

"'Pon my honor now, you know it's no good you waiting for him, you'd much better let me take you in charge—eh?" offering an arm; but in a moment he was violently thrust aside, so violently that a mere accident saved him from rolling all the way downstairs, like the fat little ball he was—a shove, as he afterwards lugubriously remarked, "that nearly knocked all the breath out of his body, and sent him into the middle of next week"—a shove administered by a tall, extremely angry-looking, dark, young swell, who calling him "an infernal scoundrel," and "an unmitigated cad," in a low voice shaking with passion, had led the beautiful vision in white promptly down the stairs, and put her into a little, dark brougham, and followed her himself before he and his companion had realized the fact.

"They frightened me dreadfully, Allan," said Mrs. Gordon, tremulously; "they looked so horrid and were so familiar. I never saw them before, you know. I didn't know them!"

"And I hope you never will," emphatically. "Brutes! only you were with me, I'd have knocked that little goggled-eyed chap down and pitched him into the middle of the street. These are the snobs, the 'Arry's' who give us such a bad name abroad, and no wonder. A fellow who behaved as that one did to you to-night—ought to get twelve months' imprisonment with hard labor. I'd like to go back and thrash him soundly."

Rosamond, earnestly begged her husband to allow his wrath to cool, and not to be so very angry.

"Another girl would have been able to stand up for herself," he said, discontentedly, "but you are such a little chicken-hearted creature—any one can see with half an eye, that they may impose on you, and they do. I'm very glad now I married you right off-hand, or I'm sure you would have been frightened into taking the first fellow Mrs. Brand told to try his fortune."

"Well, I did not say no to you," she returned, laughing, "so don't let me hear you grumbling, and as to those odious young men, I'll never see them again, nor bother about them."

"I don't half like leaving such a pretty wife as you are, Rosie, behind, and I would give anything now that I was not going, but I must. I hate—yes, I hate to think of other men dancing with you, admiring you even talking to you. You see I'm a regular Othello!"

"There are not likely to be many dances or many men in Drydd, are there, possibly old Allan?"

"No! that's one comfort," he said, with a sigh of relief. "I don't suppose you'll see

anyone besides Mr. Black and Mr. Cameron between this and midsummer.

"You would like to lock me up and keep me in a convent, I do believe Allan! How horrid of you, and I don't mind how many ladies you see out there!"

"Ah! that's another matter. As long as I'm with you myself I don't care; but you are like a child when you are left by yourself, and as to my seeing other ladies, I can take very good care of myself. I wish I could say the same for you. Here we are at the 'Bristol'! I hope we shall be able to get some supper."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The First Offense.

BY CHARLES REED.

KATE STANTION was a very pretty girl, and not only a very pretty girl, but a very winsome, clever, lovable girl.

What wonder that all the marriageable young fellows for ten miles round adored her on the slightest provocation?

But it was generally voted not worth while to waste breath by sighing in that quarter.

Clarence Herbert had a monopoly of favor there.

Kate had, contrary to the custom of young ladies, steadily preferred her school-boy lover and early playmate to all others.

The two were not engaged, at least not formally.

The mutual good understanding that existed between them was almost sure to end in matrimony.

Almost, but quite sure, for "the heart is deceitful above all things."

On a certain day there came down into that part of the country a most fascinating young man.

His name was Sidney Dale, which all the young ladies thought a very romantic name indeed.

His dress was faultless, his manners easy, his conversation lively.

But perhaps his strongest point was his moustaches.

How long, and black, and fierce, they were.

None such had ever been seen thereabouts.

He appeared to be a gentleman of leisure without visible occupation.

He lived at the very best hotel in the country town, and had always plenty of money.

No wonder that all the girls went quite wild, in the feminine fashion, about this modern Adonis.

And, this being the case, think it not strange that when he began to pay Miss Stanton rather particular attentions, she did not frown upon his suit.

On the contrary, she was so gracious to him that the knowing ones, who had hitherto booked her for Clarence, began to be less confident.

Clarence was, of course, not very well pleased with the sudden turn affairs had taken.

But what could he do but wait developments.

And this he did, with as good a grace as he might.

But when Mr. Dale had been in that locality some two months, rumors affecting his character began to be whispered about in certain quarters.

Finally, Clarence, without any seeking on his own part, became possessed of information of a very serious nature, that could not be doubted.

His position became at once a very unpleasant one.

What he had learned was known to very few.

If he told Kate, he would be liable to an intolerable suspicion.

Yet he could hardly stand by and see her compromise herself by permitting the addresses of a scoundrel.

He waited some time in the hope that somebody else would make the distasteful disclosure.

Nobody did, and so, one day, he rode over, resolved to say his say, and to trust to Kate's magnanimity not to misunderstand his motive.

He was fastening his horse, when the sharp report of a pistol, followed by merry laughter, greeted his ears, coming from a dense part of the shrubbery, by which the house was on all sides surrounded.

Following the sounds, Clarence presently came upon Kate and Mr. Dale, engaged in the rather unfeminine diversion of shooting at a mark.

The young lady had a passion for pistol-shooting, and was no bad shot, a fact she had just been proving.

Being in an excellent humor in consequence, she was disposed to receive Clarence very graciously; but he, disgusted with his errand, was not amiably inclined.

He declined to take a part in the shooting, and seeing a copy of "Marmion" lying on a rustic seat near by, he took it up, and strove, not altogether in vain, to lose himself in its very familiar, but ever-welcome pages.

Kate was rather piqued at his bearishness; and when, the shooting over, Mr. Dale insisted on presenting her the weapons used, she not only accepted them, but did so with a warmth of gratitude that was partly prompted by malice.

When Dale had gone, rather an awkward pause ensued; for Clarence went on with the tale of Flodden Field, and Kate, after critically examining her present three or four times, was at a loss for an occupation. At length she broke the silence with an ironical accent in her voice.

"Is that book quite new to you?"

Clarence looked up quite serenely.

"Not new, but always engrossing. Your friend is gone, I see," as if he had but just noticed his absence.

This was certainly not a propitious time for the disclosure Clarence had to make. But he defiantly resolved, nevertheless, to go through with it.

"By the way," he began, "it was of him that I came to speak. I have recently learned, from a most trustworthy source, that he is a gambler by profession, and that he is here to keep out of the way of an indictment against him.

"I thought it my duty to tell you," he went on, with a slight touch of irony, "so that you might be able to give him his walking papers before everyone knew the story."

Kate, keenly nettled at this speech, said more than she intended.

"Suppose I don't choose to believe all this of a man who appears in every way a gentleman?"

"In that case," said Clarence, coolly, but stung to the quick, "I have nothing more to say than good evening."

And, taking up his hat, he was gone before Kate decided what she ought to say. She walked slowly towards the house, swinging her hat by its strings, in a vexed, but unrepentant mood.

This unpleasant state of mind continued the two following days. She could not believe Clarence guilty of wilfully traducing a rival.

Yet there might have been some mistake, and, like most high-spirited, generous people, our young lady was not inclined to give up a friend at the first breath of suspicion.

Her pride, too, was enlisted in Dale's favor, yet, after all, she could not help some qualms of conscience whenever she thought of her old lover.

The second day was as gloomy as possible. A cold, persistent rain poured down from early morning till late in the afternoon, when it stopped for an hour or two.

During this interval Kate was standing in the hall, looking out listlessly at the sullen sky, where the sun appeared a mere angry spot in the grey waste of cloud, when Mr. Dale, quite unexpectedly to her, rode up the drive that led to the house.

She noticed an unusual gravity in his greeting, and her heart foreboded a scene as she led the way to the drawing-room. After a few absent remarks the caller came directly, and rather clumsily, to the matter in hand.

He was not much in love—at least not more than it is easy for a young fellow to be while proposing to a very pretty girl, and his words lacked fervor; for nothing is harder to feign than the grand passion.

Do what he would, his words had a business-like sound, as he told "the old, old story," that he loved her as he had never loved anyone else; that, would she be his wife, his life should be devoted to her happiness.

He then tried to take her hand; but Kate drew back, with a little shiver, and instinct, subtler than reason, warned her that all was not as it seemed.

The wooer saw and understood the gesture, slight as it was. He stopped short, turned quite pale, and then said, with some emotion, for his disappointment, at least, was real:

"I see, Miss Stanton, my suit is not agreeable to you; but I will not annoy you farther."

The tears came into the girl's eyes at that: she held out her hand, with some half-audible murmurs of regret and esteem, but quickly drew it away again.

Then occurred an awkward pause of more than a minute, broken, at length, by Dale's low good-bye.

A moment after he was riding swiftly from the house. Kate watched him disappear, not without pain; she really liked him, though not quite well enough to marry him.

Her remorseful feeling, however, soon wore off, and the anxieties of the past few days were soon set at rest.

The rapid approach of night, however, brought with it another source of anxiety to her mind.

That morning her father, sole surviving parent, by the way, had been summoned to a distant town by urgent legal business, and the flooded state of the roads would prevent his return before morning.

Contrary to his habit, he had left a considerable sum of money in his strong box. The house was far from any other house. It was, moreover, very inefficiently guarded, there being in it, besides Kate, only two female servants and a deaf old man, whose slumbers the last trump would scarcely have broken.

To be sure, in that quiet locality, robberies were almost as infrequent as earthquakes.

Still, robberies had been known to occur, and Kate felt that there was rather more than an agreeable flavor of adventure about the prospect before her. But, not being naturally timid, she determined to make the most of it.

When bedtime came, therefore, she had a fire lighted in her father's bedroom, where the treasure was—for the air was as chill as in late autumn—loaded the pistols Mr. Dale had given her, put them under her head, went to bed, and, in spite of certain ridiculous fancies that flitted through her brain, and in spite of the storm that made the windows rattle and the the shutters creak, presently fell asleep.

Outside the night was most dismal. The rain fell pitilessly, and an east wind blew in chill, damp gusts, that made the very trees shiver.

But the man who fairly groped his way along the drive that led to Stanton's door did not seem to mind it.

He gained the steps just as the great clock in the hall struck two.

From beneath his coat he produced a dark lantern, and lit it within the shelter of the doorway.

He thrust a small iron implement into the keyhole. With a light, scraping sound, the key was turned, and the door opened. The light was flashed over every object in the hall, that the bearer might know the position of each.

The first door on the landing opened into the sitting-room; this the man passed by, but stopped at the second, which let into Mr. Stanton's bedroom.

Again the slight scraping sound, and the door opened.

He started at sight of a fire, but entered; closed the door softly behind him, turned the key, and put it in his pocket, then crossed the room, stealthily yet steadily, to the opposite corner, where the strong box was built into the wall, placed his lantern upon a chair, and examined the lock.

But his hands were wet and benumbed; he walked coolly to the fire, and bent his masked face over it.

At this moment Kate awoke, suddenly and completely; she saw the dim outlines of a figure bending over the embers, a light shining upon the wall.

Luckily, she was too much frightened to cry out.

She lay perfectly still, gazing stonily at the motionless shape till it moved to the corner farthest from her, and began work on the strong box.

This gave her a moment to think; but the more she thought the more her terror grew.

It was by a mere spasm of fear that her hand was thrust under the pillow. It encountered the cold barrel of a pistol.

There was something reassuring in the very touch.

She drew it forth. The sturdy look of the little weapon was like a friend's strong arm to the frightened girl.

She half rose, pointed the pistol, and drew back the hammer. The sharp click startled the man from his work.

He turned quickly, but stopped for a moment as if irresolute. For half that moment Kate's hand shook irresolute; then for a single instant was quite still.

And then the whole house rang with the deafening report.

With that my heroine became once more a woman and fell back fainting.

So the roused household found her, when at length they gained access to the room.

On the floor, near the strong box, now lay the burglar, alike insensible. The mask had fallen from his face. It was Mr. Sidney Dale.

The rest may be briefly told.

Dale, though severely stunned, was not dead, the ball having, as it were, merely felt its way along the outer surface of the skull.

There was a trial of course, and people came to see "the girl who shot the robber," and hear her testify.

It being a first offence, the prisoner was let off with five years; but, the night after his sentence, he escaped.

But what of Clarence and Kate?

Oh, they made up their little tiff, as sensible people who love one another always do, and have been jogging on in comfortable matrimony these twenty years.

HONOR TO THE HORSE.—The horse, even though he may have won a fortune for his master, as a rule goes literally to the dogs at last. Some few of the wonders of the turf have escaped that indignity. A plain stone inscribed simply "Sir Peter," tells visitors to Knowsley, Sir Peter Teazle lies beneath it. A sculptured stone, rifled from a cardinal's monument, overlooks the grave of Emilius at Easby Abbey. A cedar planted by a once famous jockey, rises hard by the resting-place of Bay-Middleton and Crucifix; Kingston reposes under the shade of a grand oak at Eltham; Blair-Athol, the pride of Matton, lies embowered at Cobham; and green is the grave of Amato, well within hail of the course he traversed triumphantly. The skeleton of Eclipse is still, we believe, on view at Cannons, but it must be minus at least one hoof, since King William IV. gave a piece of plate, with a hoof of Eclipse set in gold, to be run for at Ascot in 1832; the trophy being carried off by Lord Chesterfield's Priam.

Equine mementoes usually take this form, and many a sideboard can show the polished hoof of a famous racehorse. The Prince of Wales is said to possess a hoof of the charger that bore Nolan to his death at Balaklava; it is surmounted with a small silver figure of the Captain, carrying the fatal order for the advance of the Light Brigade. An interesting military souvenir enough; but not so interesting as a polished and shod hoof, mounted so as to serve as a snuff-box, the property of the Guards' Club; for this bears the inscription—

"Hoof of Marengo, rare charger of Napoleon, ridden by him at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, in the campaign of Russia, and lastly at Waterloo;" while on the margin of the silver shoe is to be read: "Marengo was wounded in the near hip at Waterloo, when his great master was on foot, in the hollow road in advance of the French position. He had been frequently wounded before in other battles."

WHAT part of a dwelling-house would best suit a phrenologist for his study?—The scullery.

WE rise in glory as we sink in pride.

Bric-a-Brac.

A SPIDER'S SAGACITY.—A spider recently observed in the Isle of Wight dragged two or three leaves to the shore, fastened them together with its web, launched the craft and sailed away over the pond, leaving it to dart and dive after flies and other game returning with them to the raft to be devoured.

HOW HE DID IT.—A merchant was once asked how he had contrived to amass a large fortune as he was known to possess. "Friend," said he, "I owe my wealth to the use of an article in which thou mayest deal, if thou wilt, and which, while it will bring thee the favor of thy customers, will cost the nothing. I mean civility."

IN MEXICO.—In the Mexican markets the venders about their goods all day, whether any one is listening or not. The cake vender remarks "Fat little cakes," about four times a minute, while the poultry vender sits lazily in the sun and sings by the hour "Ducks and chickens! Oh, my soul, who wants good ducks and chickens?"

A SINGULAR TREE.—In the island of Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable called "the sorrowful tree," because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen, and yet after half an hour it is full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them than some of them fall off, and others close up; and thus it continues flowering in the night during the whole year.

THE HORSE MACKEREL.—The horse mackerel is a magnificent fish in appearance being in fact a gigantic mackerel, resembling the European tunny. They have a wide geographical range. Specimens have been caught twenty feet in length, with a weight of about half a ton, and so powerful that even large vessels have been towed by them. Like the swordfish, they do not breed on this side of the water, but undoubtedly emigrate to the European shores for this purpose, unless, perhaps, the eggs are deposited in mid Atlantic, which is hardly probable. The fish prey upon their smaller relatives, and go South or out to sea in the Winter.

TELEGRAPHING CHINESE.—Telegraphing Chinese cannot be done in the same manner as in any other tongue. Owing to the peculiarity of the Chinese characters, each of which represents a word, the Danish Telegraph Company (the Great Northern) working the new China lines, has adopted the following device: There are from 5,000 to 6,000 characters or words in ordinary Chinese language, and the company have provided a wooden block or type for each of these. On one end of this block the character is cut or stamped out, and on the other end is a number representing the character. The operator receives a message in numbers and takes the block of each number transmitted and stamps with the other end the proper Chinese character on the message form. Thus a Chinese message sent in figures is translated into Chinese characters again, and forwarded to its destination. The sending operator, of course, requires to know the numerical equivalent of the characters, or have them found for him.

WHAT HE IS MADE.—Once upon a time, the gods and goddesses were assembled together, and were talking comfortably over matters celestial, when one of the company, who was of an inquiring mind, said, "What are the people who live on earth like?" No one knew. One or two guesses were made, but everyone knew that they were only guesses. At last an enterprising little goddess suggested that a special messenger should be sent to visit the earth, to make inquiries, and to bring back information concerning the inhabitants thereof. Off the messenger went. On his return, the gods and goddesses once more assembled, and everyone was very anxious to hear the result of this mission. "Well," said Jove, who constituted himself speaker on the occasion, "what have you learnt? What are the people of the earth like?" "They are very curious people," said the traveler. "They have no character of their own, but they become what others think them. If you think them cruel, they act cruelly; if you think them true, they may be relied on; if you think them false, they lie and steal; if you believe them to be kind, they are amiability itself."

AN ECCENTRIC MONARCH.—It is said that the Emperor Paul I. of Russia, during one of his drives, met a soldier whose countenance pleased him. "Come into my carriage, lieutenant," said Paul. "Sire, I am only a private." "The Emperor is never mistaken, captain." "I obey your orders, sire." "Very good, commandant. Take your seat by my side. What lovely weather we have to-day!" "Sire, I dare not venture——." "What are you saying, colonel?" Unluckily for the new-made colonel, the Emperor had to be back at the palace early that morning. If the drive had continued a few minutes longer his chance companion would have been made field-marshal. As it was he was obliged to content himself with the garb of major-general. But a few days afterwards, the same poor wretch, picked up by the Emperor in exactly the same way, had to go through the same gradations of rank, only in the reverse direction, and in half an hour, from being a major-general, had to become a private soldier again. On another occasion, Paul, while reviewing a regiment which did not please him, gave the word of command, "Right-about face! March! To Siberia!" And the whole regiment were obliged to set off, by forced marches, to Siberia. It was oddly when they got half-way there that an officer obtained their recall.

BEYOND.

BY H. BURTON.

Never a word is said,
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped,
To vibrate everywhere:
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like flashes the sun,
They signal to the skies:
And up above the angels read
Now we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to Heaven
Its sunshine or its tears:
While the to-morrows stand and wait,
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there:
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far away.

A FATAL DOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED.)

MR. Daunt was sitting at a writing-table covered with letters and papers of various kinds.

He looked up as Dolly appeared, his grave absorbed face softening into a sudden tender smile, which faded again almost immediately, and was replaced by a grave but kindly look of inquiry as the two young people came up to the table together.

The next moment Dolly's white arms were round his neck and her sweet lips close to his ear, and she was whispering something there which made her father know that the little daughter whom he had hitherto thought more as a child to be petted than as a woman had not only won the young man's love, but had given her own in return.

His disappointment at Dolly's choice was of the smallest.

He might have wished that Mr. Milner's position had been more assured.

He was an honorable, frank, manly young fellow who would make a good husband, and, since Dolly loved him, they would be happy together.

Stephen had a very high opinion of him, Mr. Daunt knew, and he—Mr. Daunt—had a very high opinion of his son's judgment.

His consent was warmly and cordially given, and Lloyd's forebodings were for ever dispersed in the sunshine brought about by the fulfilment of Sidney's prophecies.

"And now suppose you go and tell mamma, Dolly," said her father gravely, with a little gleam of mischief in his grave eyes nevertheless.

Dolly's bright face fell.

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, so ruefully that Mr. Daunt could not repress even a smile.

"Well, I will go," he said, with a slight shrug of the shoulders. "Perhaps you can persuade Lloyd to stay a few days with us here," he added, turning back as he was leaving the room.

"I shall be very glad if he can manage to do so."

But all Dolly's pretty pleadings and entreatings were of no avail.

She was sorely against his will, Lloyd's professional engagements obliged him to be firm in his refusal to remain at Launtswold.

Dolly pouted, looked vexed, pleaded and coaxed in vain.

He must go, he said; and, although his pretty little fiancee was very much inclined to rebel at this, perhaps the first serious opposition to her wishes she had ever encountered, she loved and respected him all the more for not being as wax to her touch.

Mr. Daunt's task was not a very easy or a very pleasant one.

Lady Eva had a natural wish to see her daughter a Countess, and Lord de la Poer's attentions had been too marked not to have given her a good hope that her ambition would be fulfilled.

Her disappointment and displeasure at Dolly's choice were very great.

It was in vain that her husband pleaded that Dolly could only be happy, and that Lloyd Milner could make her happy, while a marriage with the Earl would not encompass that end.

Lady Eva refused to see the force of the argument, and ended her reproaches for her husband's folly at countenancing the engagement by the assertion that Dolly was throwing herself away, as Stephen had done, and that the end would be the very same.

She would be wretched, as Stephen was.

"Stephen wretched!" Mr. Daunt repeated in surprise. "If he is, then it is his own fault; for surely no man ever had a sweeter wife!"

"They are not happy," Lady Eva declared passionately—"you have only to look in Stephen's face to see that; and it will be the same with Dolly, if you consent to such an imprudent engagement. All love-matches so!"

"Was not ours a love-match, Eva?" he said, smiling. "I was always under the impression that it was, and it turned out very happily, I think.

"It is too late to talk of refusing consent; I have already given it; and, to say truth, I have no wish to retract, dear.

"Come, be reasonable, and remember your own young days."

Notwithstanding her foibles, Lady Eva was too sensible a woman to persist in an opposition which could do no good; and she yielded, though with a very bad grace.

Dolly felt more like a culprit waiting for a sentence, when she went to receive her mother's kiss, than a young lady on her promotion.

The Lord's happiness was too great to be damped even by her ladyship's reserve and coldness.

The young people spent a happy hour or two in the morning-room, notwithstanding the prospect of separation.

When Stephen Daunt drove over at luncheon-time, it needed no explanation to show him how matters stood.

Dolly's shy conscious blushes, the close clasp of her arms round his neck as he kissed her, and Lloyd Milner's radiant face were quite sufficient proofs.

His congratulations, so evidently sincere, relieved Mr. Daunt's mind from any misgivings his wife's words might have caused. Stephen was unfeignedly pleased at the engagement, and showed his pleasure so frankly that Lady Eva became far more reconciled to the match than would otherwise have been the case.

And luncheon was a pleasant informal meal, served in the morning-room, for the dining-room had not yet been rescued from the men sent from London by Gunter, in charge of the commissariat department for the entertainment of the previous evening, which of course was the prevailing topic of conversation.

Watching his son's face furtively but keenly, as he laughed and chatted, making witty remarks about the costumes and their occasional incongruity, Mr. Daunt, his eyes quickened by the words which had fallen from his wife, saw that the young man's face looked somewhat worn and haggard, and that there was a look of pain in his grave dark eyes which had not been there some weeks before.

Was Lady Eva right? he wondered. Had Stephen indeed chosen unwisely? Was he not happy with his sweet young wife? Sidney was so sweet and true and good, it was impossible that they should be anything but happy, he thought.

Yet, as his mother had said, Stephen's face was not the face of a happy man.

"Why did not Sidney come over with you, Stephen?" he asked; and he saw the swift flush which rose in the young man's cheek at the mention of his wife's name.

"I drove in from Ashford," he answered quietly.

"Ah, yes; I had forgotten! Milner, why did you not induce her to come over with you?

"I am afraid she devotes herself far too much to that poor unhappy girl."

"Miss Greville was to return home today," remarked Lloyd.

"To-day!" Stephen repeated, looking up in great surprise. "Are you really sure, Lloyd?"

"Yes. I heard Mrs. Sandys ordering the brougham."

"But surely," Lady Eva remarked, drawing in her lips with some meaning, "if Christine was so ill last night that Sidney could not leave her for an hour to come here, she can hardly be well enough to go home!"

"She would have to be very ill, mamma, if she could not be lifted into the brougham and drive slowly to Ashford," spoke Dolly rather sharply.

"And she must have been very ill if Sidney could not leave her for an hour," replied Lady Eva, with equal sharpness.

"I am afraid she is very ill," Mr. Daunt said sorrowfully.

"I spoke to Arnold yesterday, and he did not give much hope of her recovery. Poor child, hers is a sad story!" he added, with a sigh.

"Are you going to drive into town with us, mademoiselle?" Stephen asked, smiling as they left the luncheon-table, and Lloyd was preparing to say his farewells.

Dolly's eyes looked very wistful as she shook her head.

"No," she said; "I am going to drive over to Easthorpe and quarter myself on you for the night.

"Mamma thinks it is too cold for me to drive back in the dusk; and I have not seen Sidney for ages."

"And you are longing to have a chat," Stephen remarked.

"I am afraid you won't find Sidney's congratulations very warm," he added, laughing, but with a touch of bitterness.

"Perhaps she does not think the married state such a desirable one, now that she has tried it."

"And yet she sent her very warmest congratulations to Dolly," said Lloyd, smiling.

* * * * *

So much of conversation had taken place between Lloyd Milner and Stephen Daunt.

"There is a fire in the waiting-room, sir," said the solitary porter, touching his cap to Stephen, whom he knew by sight. "There's only one lady there."

Stephen nodded, with a word of thanks, and he went straight towards the waiting-room.

It was a plain, bare, shabby little apartment.

It looked cheerful now with the bright fire blazing in the grate and the gas lighted.

A lady was sitting there, crouching over the fire, holding out her hands to its warmth—a slight figure wrapped in costly dark furs.

"I hope I shall not be in your way," Stephen said courteously, lifting his hat as he entered the room.

A cry broke from her as she turned towards him a deathly pale face with great feverish dark eyes.

Stephen almost echoed her cry as his eyes fell upon it.

The lady in the waiting-room is my wife

CHAPTER XVIII.

FOR a few moments husband and wife looked at each other in silence, and without moving.

Stephen Daunt stood just within the waiting-room door, where he had paused on entering, looking down at his wife with wonder and amazement in his dark eyes; Sidney crouched still by the fire, her face turned towards him over her shoulder, white as death itself in her surprise and terror.

Then she rose slowly, and as it were mechanically, and stood before him, her head drooping on her breast, her hands hanging loosely by her sides, a strange resigned hopelessness in her attitude.

"You have found me," she said faintly—"you have found me! How did you know that I was here?"

"I did not know that you were here," he answered gravely, closing the door and advancing towards her.

"I came here by accident; I am waiting for the down-train, Sidney," he went on, as she shrank away from him.

"What is the meaning of this? What are you doing here?"

"I am going away," she said simply, leaning against the wall for support, and trembling in every limb.

"Going away!" he repeated quickly, in a puzzled tone. "Where do you think of going?"

"I do not know," she answered despairingly.

"You do not know?" he exclaimed, his bewilderment and distress increasing momentarily.

"Had you no fixed intention when you left home?"

"Yes."

"Then what was it?" he asked.

"To go away," she answered him very faintly.

"Do you mean to leave your home?" he said gravely.

"Yes."

He was silent for a moment, and she went on feverishly—

"Ah, I am telling you the truth now! I was going away, not to distress and trouble you any more, not to shock you strangely by my deceit and my falsehoods."

"You must have strange notions as to what will distress and trouble me," he said, speaking with grave gentleness, for he saw that she was in no condition for remonstrance, "if you thought that my wife could leave my home without doing so! Were you going to write to me?"

"No."

"Did any of the household know your intentions? Did you make them acquainted with the fact that you were leaving home?"

"No."

"And we were, then, to be kept in entire ignorance of your whereabouts Sidney?"

"Yes."

The monosyllables fell from her lips slowly and faintly, as if it needed an effort to utter even those.

She was still leaning against the wall, looking ghastly pale.

It seemed to her husband, as he watched her, that she was keeping herself from swooning only by a very strong effort of will.

"You can have but little consideration for others," he said gravely, "if you could condemn us to such anxiety and suspense."

"Anxiety and suspense!" she repeated, with a dreary laugh. "Would you have felt thus at my departure?

"Would you not have rejoiced to be free from my deceptions and falsehoods? Ah, I am not speaking falsely now," she went on piteously; "I am speaking the real truth!"

"Do you want to punish me for my harsh words of last night?" he asked her very gently.

"You need not, Sidney; the recollection of them has been sufficient punishment, I think.

"You can hardly feel more angry with me for their utterance than I am with myself for having spoken them to you. Will you try to forgive them, dear, remembering that they were spoken under great disappointment?"

The extreme gentleness of his manner touched her as no harsh words could have done.

The marble calmness of her face broke up and melted, and two great tears rose in her dark eyes and rolled down her pale cheeks.

He looked so good and noble and kindly, as he stood looking at her so kindly, that she had no thought of the horrible accusation which had been made against him. For a brief moment it was forgotten. His next words recalled it.

"Were you so angry with me that you were going away?" he said, with a little smile.

"Was that the only reason you had, Sidney?"

"No," she answered steadily; and, as she looked at him gravely and fixedly for some moments, the tears were dried in her eyes, as if some inward fire had scorched them.

"Then why was it?"

"Need you ask?" she said, losing her self-control as she remembered the terrible reason which had induced her to make the desperate resolve of leaving her husband's home.

"Need you ask? Ah, let me go—let me go!

"I could not stay any longer—it seemed to break my heart to leave, but I could not stay; that would have killed me!"

She was moving towards the door with tottering steps, when he advanced hurriedly and placed himself between her and it.

"Sidney, what folly is this? Where are you going? What do you propose to do?" he cried.

"What is the motive of this strange and, to me, unaccountable conduct?"

"I can give you none," she answered faintly, stopping short by the table and leaning heavily against it. "Let me go, please!"

"I have no wish to detain you against your will," he said coldly; "but I cannot let you go until I know where you are going and why.

"You tell me that you do not even know where you are going."

"Nor do I," she replied. "But I am going away—going away from Easthorpe, and ——"

"You can hardly suppose that I am going to let you leave your home thus," he said, forcing himself to speak calmly, because he saw that her excitement was terrible, and that it threatened momentarily to overcome her composure, desperately as she struggled against it.

"You are ill, unfit for traveling in any circumstances.

"It is impossible that you should continue your journey in these, Sidney," he added persuasively.

"Don't you see the folly, the madness of all?

"You tell me yourself that you do not know where you were going, and that you have admitted no one into your confidence.

"What your motive for such mysterious conduct is I cannot pretend to judge; but, since a fortunate chance has allowed me to meet you and to prevent the carrying out of your foolish project, I cannot but take advantage of it."

"You will not let me go?" she murmured. "You will keep me here? Ah, true—you are my husband!"

There was something inexpressibly bitter in her voice, low and faint though it was, something so strangely shrinking in her manner, that, involuntarily and wondering at it, he drew back from her a little, looking at her with eager questioning eyes; and there was a short silence in the little waiting-room.

"Although it has not been possible for me ever to deceive myself as to your feelings for me," he said gravely—"and I have known ever since the first day of our wedded life that I could never be to you what—what I hoped and wished—still I thought that as time went on you might find some little happiness in your life. Sidney"—once more he advanced towards her, and once more she shrank back from him—"is there anything I can do—not to make you happier—to say that would be a mockery—but to make you less unhappy? At any sacrifice to myself, at any cost, I will do it gladly!"

"Let me go," she said faintly, her head drooping forward upon her breast—let me go away! I cannot stay at Easthorpe any longer!"

"Let you go away!" he echoed, with a bitter laugh which had a tuneless sound in the quiet room. "Child, do you not know what such a step on your part would lay you open to? You could not leave your husband's roof without giving rise to scandal and misrepresentation of your motives."

"I do not care," she exclaimed. "What does it matter?"

"It matters much," he said earnestly. "You are so young, Sidney, and you have all your life before you. Why should you seek to mar every chance of happiness which the future may have in store for you? I cannot let you carry out this foolish plan of yours, dear; but——"

His voice shook and failed him for a moment; he had entered the waiting-room full of hope and encouraged by his friend's cheery anticipations, and the disappointment had been great and severe.

Not only did the wife whom he loved so dearly not return his affection even a little, but she hated him so deeply that she was madly planning to leave his home for ever.

His own judgment had been wisest after all; he had better carry out his intention of going abroad, and leave her free to do as she liked, poor unhappy child! It would be better to let the scandal that must ensue fall upon him than her.

He was a man; he could bear it better. And, if he left her at Easthorpe in his father's charge, and his mother and his sister for her friends, how could any stain fall upon her reputation? It was the only alternative since she cherished this desperate resolve.

If she would be freed from the intolerable burden of his presence at any price, he himself must pay the price and free her from it.

He turned to her as she stood, panting and haggard, leaning against the brightly painted wall of the waiting-room—a sad sight, for all her beauty and her costly attire.

"Sidney," he said very gently, but with

a sadness born of his sad thoughts, which struck her with a new sense of pain, "it would be impossible for me to misunderstand your reason for leaving home. It is to rid yourself of my presence, to separate yourself from me. Have you reflected that in separating yourself from me you separate yourself also from Dolly, from your father, from many old and dear friends? Have you thought what a strange anomalous position a woman finds herself in if she is cast on the world alone, especially when she is a woman whose previous life has been sheltered from all contact with the rough world? You cannot have realised it, I am sure, or you would never have seriously contemplated the step you propose to take now.

"Ah, I know what you would say," he went on hastily, seeing that she was about to speak—"that any life would be preferable to the one you lead now! But, although I know that you feel so, my poor child, I think you are mistaken."

"You think I am mistaken," she said slowly, "because you do not know, because you think—— Ah, you cannot even imagine how wretched I have been."

"Can I not?" he questioned sadly, with a sadness more pathetic in its quietness than her more violent emotion. "And yet I have known something of what wretchedness is lately, Sidney."

His tone struck her even more than his words, and a wave of overwhelming misery seemed to sweep down upon her.

Under it she drooped and sank upon her knees by the table, throwing out her arms upon it, and hiding her face upon them in her agony.

Stephen, who had moved towards her, thinking she was going to fall, paused irresolute, and stood on the other side of the table, looking down at her with infinite pity in his grave dark eyes—ay, and infinite love, also!

Any one looking into the little waiting-room on that snowy winter afternoon would have been astonished at the scene that was being enacted there; the actors in it seemed so out of harmony with the bare little waiting-room, with its oil-clothed floor and old-fashioned, horsehair covered chairs.

Sidney's costly furs and delicate beauty and Stephen's distinguished appearance were striking enough in themselves; but they were rendered yet more so by their surroundings.

Husband and wife were too much absorbed to heed the publicity of the place in which they were.

It never occurred to either of them that at any moment a porter or some other railway-official, or even a traveller, might enter the room.

"Sidney, can I do nothing?" he said, huskily, bending towards her as she knelt, and touching gently one of the little outstretched fallen hands. "See, my child—to give you, if not happiness, at least peace, there is nothing I will not do. And—and—if you wish, you shall make that inquiry you have so much wished to make, even though—the result——"

"No—no—anything but that," she cried out suddenly, lifting her head and speaking with swift passion and fear—"anything but that! I do not wish to make any inquiry! I do not wish to know—I do not want——"

"You are afraid of the result of an inquiry," he said sadly. "Well, you are right perhaps, although it seems to me that any certainty is better than such suspense."

"I am afraid," she returned slowly, looking straight at him—"yes, I am afraid of the result!"

She was looking at him steadily and keenly, with her eyes fixed upon his face; but she saw no change there, no flush of conscious guilt, no shame, only the same intense sadness and pity.

Ah, how good and true and noble he looked!

How she longed to throw herself into his arms and sob out all her misery and suspicion on his breast!

He could not be guilty—it was impossible for him to be!

Her whole soul revolted at the thought—revolted in horror and in fierce unhesitating denial; and for a moment her trust and faith in him were unquestioning: the next moment his own words shook that faith again.

"Then we will say no more about it," he said calmly, "and I will tell you the proposal I had meant to make to you this evening. I have been thinking for some time past of going abroad. I am restless—I want change—I am tired of this quiet life. Will not that answer all purposes, Sidney?" he added, smiling sadly. "It will free you from a husband who cannot but see how he has failed to make you happy; and you can stay at home with Dolly and be happy with her."

"Do you mean that you are going on the Continent?" she asks faintly, wondering why the walls of the little room were contracting and the ceiling coming nearer, as it were, while Stephen's grave voice sounded so distant and far away.

"No," he said calmly, but looking at her with some anxiety, as he saw how she leaned against the table, and how the wide bright eyes seemed to grow dim and the white lids to droop: "I did not mean on the Continent. I thought I should like to see Australia and—— Sidney, what is it? You are ill!"

"No, no!" she had hardly strength enough to stagger back from him as he advanced towards her. "No, do not touch me! To Australia?"

"Yes, to Australia. It is nothing of a voyage now, you know."

He was trying to speak lightly; but the attempt was a failure, for her movement, so shrinking, so expressive of abhorrence, had stung him with a sharp pain, like that caused by the stab of a knife.

To Australia!

His words had but one meaning to his hearer.

He was going to Australia while he was free as yet from the punishment due to his crime, to escape the consequences of the guilty action he had committed.

He was going to fly, even as Frank Greville had done.

* * * * * *

But there is something we have not yet mentioned regarding the interview with Stephen and Lloyd. Milner, on being spoken to, had turned away without a word.

The wind had veered round to the north, and the half-melted snow was freezing rapidly again, as the two young men drove away from Lambswold, Dolly standing, a pretty picturesque figure, with a scarlet wrap thrown over her black velvet gown, on the steps to watch them go, smiling bravely, although there were tears in her eyes at even such a temporary separation from the lover who had become so dear in so short a time.

Lloyd did not speak until they had lost sight of the stately old house, when he turned to Stephen, saying earnestly—

"You are not disappointed, Stephen?"

"Disappointed!" Stephen echoed quite warmly.

"How should I be, Lloyd? If all the world had sought Dolly, there is no one to whom I would so willingly have given her. You must not mind the mother's coldness," he added.

"I suppose it is natural she should wish her to be a Countess!

"But she will soon lose any lingering regret she may have.

"I am all the more glad of your engagement," he went on, speaking fast and with an unusual nervousness in his manner, "because I have some idea of going abroad, and I should be glad to know that my father had one son at home."

"Going abroad!" repeated Lloyd Milner, in surprise. "Is not this a sudden decision?"

"No; I have been thinking of it for some time."

"Do you think then that your wife's health necessitates a change of climate?" said Lloyd gently, looking at the troubled face.

"My wife's health?" Stephen echoed, turning to him. "No; my wife would not go with me, and——

"You do not think Sidney is ill?" he asked, in quick anxiety.

"I do not think she is very strong," Lloyd answered evasively. "But I did not know what other motive you would have for leaving England. You are not ill yourself, I hope, old fellow?"

"No; but I am restless—I cannot settle down. I like change."

"Tolerably good reasons for a man who can afford to gratify his caprices," said Lloyd, smiling slightly. "But Mrs. Daunt may not care to leave her pretty home so soon."

"I shall go alone," Stephen answered coldly.

"How will she like that?"

"She will be only too glad!" said Stephen with sudden uncontrollable passionate pain.

"Milner, unless you have been wilfully blind during your stay with us, you must have seen the true state of things between us.

"That poor child—Heaven help her!—is even more wretched than I am myself. Do you not see how she shrinks from me, how she tries to do what she thinks to be her duty, and how miserable she is in the attempt?

"Think over it as I may, I can only come to the conclusion that the kindest thing I can do is to relieve her of my presence, and leave her to the enjoyment of those things for which she married."

"You cannot have studied your wife's character very closely if you have come to the conclusion that wealth can give her happiness," remarked his friend gravely.

"Happiness? No, I suppose not. She is too true a woman to find real happiness in it; but she will be less unhappy when I am gone."

Lloyd Milner was almost on the point of telling Stephen of the real cause of the estrangement between himself and his wife.

But remembering the threat Sidney uttered when he had said he would do so, he refrained.

"It was a terrible mistake," Stephen went on hoarsely; "and yet I did it for the very best.

"She was lonely at home and unhappy. But it has failed, as all such experiments must. There is nothing now but to make the best of it."

"And you call leaving her making the best of it!" said Lloyd gravely. "Stephen in such a matter as this, even such an old and true friend as I am dare not interfere; but I must presume on that old friendship to beg you to do nothing hastily."

"I am not doing this hastily," Stephen answered wearily. "I have thought over it for some weeks.

"I want to make her less unhappy, to avoid the necessity for the constraint she is forced to put upon herself so constantly now; for other reasons also it will be best.

"It is hardly a prudent proceeding, I think, to leave your beautiful young wife alone, Stephen."

"There is none of the imprudence you suggest in this case," said the other, with a slight, bitter, tuneless laugh.

"Have you not seen enough to know that she cared for that unfortunate man too much ever to care for any one else?"

"I think you are mistaken," the young barrister returned gently.

"If my observation of your wife has led me to any conclusion, it is to this one—that she loves her husband, and that, if it were only possible that perfect trust and confidence could exist between them, she would be a very happy woman.

"Old friend," he went on earnestly, speaking from his heart in his sympathy and compassion for the suffering Stephen could not conceal, notwithstanding all his efforts, "let me advise you in this.

"For your own sake, and for her sake, dear child, do nothing in haste; above all, do not take the step you contemplate now. If you do, you will only arouse suspicion and gossip, your wife will be unjustly condemned, and you will be the cause of it."

They reached the station now, and, as Stephen was following his friend into the booking-office, he turned round to the coachman.

"Meet the 5.50 train from Ling," he said. "I am going so far with Mr. Milner."

"That is a sacrifice to friendship I thoroughly appreciate," Lloyd said, with a little laugh.

"Travelling in such weather is anything but pleasant, and you will have three-quarters of an hour at Ling station waiting for the down-train."

"Perhaps I shall have pleasanter thoughts to keep me company than I have now," answered Stephen lightly.

The station-master secured the two young men a carriage to themselves, and a friendly porter renewed the foot-warmers, so that the short journey to Ling was not an uncomfortable one.

Stephen's face was brighter—or rather less gloomy—as they drew near the little station where he was to part with his friend for Lloyd had talked and argued and pleaded Sidney's cause to some purpose, so that Stephen's anger against her opposition to his wishes had somewhat subsided, and he felt quite vexed with himself for having expressed such serious displeasure at her refusal to go to the ball.

It had been, moreover, a great relief to him to speak of his relations with his wife to so true and tried a friend as Lloyd, for hitherto he had, of course, admitted no one into his confidence.

The besoin de s'épancher, although not a usual trait in Stephen Daunt's reserved disposition, had more than once made itself felt.

Lloyd Milner's common sense view of the subject in which he took so sincere an interest, his hope, freely expressed, that a time would come when the husband and wife would understand each other and be happy, had cheered him greatly.

"Good-bye, old friend," he said warmly, as they parted. "If I had words to thank you for what you have done for me to-day, I would do so; but I have not."

It was snowing heavily as he left the train and stood for a few minutes on the little platform of the station at Ling, watching the train as it disappeared.

Then, glancing at his watch, he found that he had, as Milner had warned him, three-quarters of an hour to wait before the down-train passed on its way to Ashford, stopping at Ling to take up passengers when signalled to do so.

It was not a very cheerful prospect, for there was neither refreshment-room nor bookstall at the little roadside-station.

The station-master's house, a pretty gabled cottage, stood near, and a little low erection contained the booking-office and the only waiting-room which the station boasted.

The wintry dusk was creeping over the landscape.

The station lamps gleamed redly through the falling snow, and from the waiting-room window a stream of ruddy light poured on to the platform.

* * * * * *

The thought was a horrible one to Sidney Daunt.

It seemed to kill the last lingering remnant of hope in the unhappy girl's breast that he was innocent, and it was only as that hope died that she recognised how strong it had been, how in her innermost heart had been cherished and prized, and how terrible was the wrench which accomplished its relinquishment.

Looking at her with grave tender eyes full of pity and pain, her husband saw how she was struggling against her emotion, against the faintness which every moment threatened to overcome her, and a great tide of pity rose in his heart for her and almost welled over in tears. Could it be possible that this broken-hearted despairing woman was the beautiful girl who had knelt beside him at the altar not six months before?

"Sidney," he said passionately, holding out both hands to her in his intensely earnest longing for at least peace between them, "is there anything else that I can do to brighten your life for you, save to go and free you from a presence which is hateful to you? Is there any other course open to me? What can I do? This life is too miserable to continue it voluntarily and without an effort to make it less wretched. I have thought it over until my brain has whirled and I have felt as if I were going mad. Have you anything to suggest?"

She shook her head drearily. Words were impossible now; all her self-control was needed to struggle over the deathly faintness which was creeping over her.

"If you wish me to stay," he went on eagerly, thinking how happy even such a concession would make him, thinking that he would gladly give five years of his life to hear her say she would rather he did not go, "if, by remaining in England, I can do anything to make your life less hard for you, you have only to say the word, and I will stay. I will stay at whatever cost to myself."

"At whatever cost to myself!" The words sounded clearly in his listener's ears—clearly and distinctly, although the others had only been a confused murmur.

"You do not answer," he went on sadly. "Then, since you do not bid me stay, what can I do but go, Sidney?"

"Nothing," she said. "Go."

For a moment they stood looking at each other across the table in silence; then slowly and unsteadily Sidney moved towards the door.

She felt choked and stifling; all was dark about her, although the gas and fire burned cheerfully; there was a strange surging sound in her ears, a curious sensation creeping over her lips.

She must get into the open air, she thought feebly, groping her way towards the door; and then suddenly her strength failed, and Stephen caught her as she fell down.

Even in her utter exhaustion she did not quite lose consciousness; she knew dimly that Stephen supported her in his arms, and held her tenderly while he poured some water from a bottle standing on the mantelpiece, and wetted her lips with it; and she tried to struggle against her weakness and to tell him that she was better and to disengage herself from his arms. At her first effort to do so, he placed her in a chair, and, opening the window a little, let the sharp north wind into the little waiting-room.

It had ceased snowing during the last few moments, but the snow lay thickly on the platform, on which a porter had just appeared.

Stephen glanced at his watch; it wanted five minutes to the arrival of the train, which had been signalled to stop at Ling.

"Are you able to come with me?" he said gently, bending towards his wife. "The train will be here in a few minutes."

"Where are you going to take me?" she asked faintly.

"Home."

"To Easthorpe?"

"Yes, to Easthorpe."

She looked up at him piteously, as if entreating him to leave her where she was; and at the earnest pleading gaze he turned away, unable to meet her eyes.

"Stephen!" she said faintly.

"Dear," he answered, so gently that the tears rose in her wide burning eyes, "do not ask me. I cannot leave you here! How can I leave you here, ill and alone?"

She made no answer; but at the sound of the approaching train she arose.

Stephen offered his arm with a grave tenderness of manner, and they went out into the cold keen air.

The next minute they were on their way home.

"You are cold," Stephen said, seeing that she shivered as they stopped at Ashford, for the first time breaking the profound silence in which they had travelled.

"I do not know," she answered, almost vacantly, as if she did not understand.

He had given her his arm to lead her to the carriage, and she had accepted his support, feeling that she was too weak to manage without it.

As they went out slowly with the few other passengers, he felt the little hand which had been lying on his arm, clasp it with a sudden frightened pressure. He looked down at her hastily.

"What is it?" he said; and his eyes followed hers.

A short dark man, rather showily attired, standing near the doorway, stared rather fixedly at them.

As Stephen looked up, he turned away sharply and mingled with the passengers hurrying towards a train which was just going to start from another platform.

"Do you know that man, Sidney?" Stephen asked.

"Yes."

"Do you want to speak to him?" he asked again.

"Oh, no—oh, no!" she answered quickly. "Oh, Stephen, I am so tired! Take me home."

CHAPTER XIX.

WHEN the carriage stopped at Easthorpe, and the hall door was thrown open, Dolly's fair face was seen peering out anxiously from the drawing-room door.

When her brother and his wife came to the door, she came out eagerly to meet them.

"I thought you had run away," she said, laughing, not guessing how nearly she touched the truth in her jesting surmise. "Where have you been, you truants? Sidney, you are frozen! Come in, and have some tea, and thaw before the dressing-bell rings!"

She hurried Sidney into the drawing-room, talking gaily all the way, for she saw by her sister-in-law's trembling pallid lips that she was unable to answer her, and she did not wish the servants to notice her agitation.

Still chatting away, she placed Sidney in the softest, coziest chair by the fire, loosened her furs, and removed her hat, and then she poured out some tea and brought it to her.

"Drink it, dear," she whispered. "It will do you good."

And then she turned to her brother, who had followed them into the room, delaying a few moments to remove his overcoat, and resumed her gay chatter as she poured out his tea; and Stephen, appreciating her thoughtfulness, compelled himself to answer her as gaily.

Thus Sidney had some quiet minutes to regain some semblance of self-control; so that, by the time the dressing-bell rang, she was able to speak without breaking into sobs, which ten minutes before would have been an utter impossibility, although she was so pale and exhausted that she was very grateful for Stephen's suggestion that she should not come down again that evening.

Bessie was going to remain for the night at Ashford with Miss Greville, Mason said, as she assisted her mistress to take off her furs and her heavy walking-dress; and Sidney was not sorry for her old nurse's absence, for, as an old and valued servant, she would have felt privileged to ask questions which might have been difficult to answer; whereas Mason, having replaced Sidney's walking attire by a loose cashmere dressing-robe, was quite willing to descend again to the servants' hall, and resume an interrupted flirtation with a footman who was captive to her charms.

Left alone in the solitude of her own softly lighted and well warmed apartments, Sidney was at leisure to think of the events of the day; but at first she was too exhausted, both mentally and physically, to do more than repose quietly.

She lay back on the cushions of her armchair, languid and weak, feeling only that it was pleasant to be able to rest after the long weary day, that it was pleasant to be in warm cosy rooms instead of out in the cold and snow.

She had lost for the present, the sense of misery, the keen intolerable pain which had not left her for a moment during the past twenty-four hours.

She had forgotten in her intense weariness the danger which menaced her husband and the crime of which he had been accused.

It seemed to her as if there had come to her a cessation in the battle of life, where she could rest for a while and gather up strength again for the next encounter.

She was so exhausted that her consciousness of outward things was but vague, her memory of what had passed during the day but a blurred and indistinct recollection; but there still hovered about her a faint consciousness of some danger which threatened her husband, and from which she wished to save him if it were indeed possible.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Come, Sweetheart!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FOR LIFE AND LOVE," "PRINCESS CHARMIAN," "SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II—(CONTINUED.)

"HOW was I to know that?"—a little sharply.

"Have you never been here before?"

"Never, indeed! And I devoutly trust that I shall never be here again."

"It is much shorter than the road, if you hit upon the right way."

"It seems to be my misfortune always to hit upon the wrong way. Look at my parasol! I must hide it in a ditch somewhere—I can't take it to church."

"What is wrong with it?"

It is a man's question. Miss Sandys does not condescend to answer it.

He has succeeded in releasing her gown, and is politely helping her up the other side of the gully, among the willow-bushes and clumps of furze with which it is lined.

It is an ignominious position—Miss Sandys feels that she could cry, if it had not been for her bonnet—to burst into tears in one's Sunday bonnet would be so ludicrously inconsistent.

To look well in a bonnet composed of forget-me-nots, with sky-blue strings tied severely under the chin, one must preserve a calm and severe demeanor, a seraphic composure of countenance, whereas she knows her eyes are angry, her cheeks aflame; it may even be that the bonnet—horrible thought!—is awry upon her head.

"I wonder how my grand-uncle Fetherstone went to church? Though indeed I don't suppose he went!" she pouts spitefully.

"If he did, he would have made an easier way to it than this."

"But there is a much easier way," the young man persists, landing her at last in the fir wood. "Why did you leave the path by which you had crossed the fields?"

"The path! I suppose there were a hundred!" she declares, pinning up the torn flounce to the best of her ability, her parasol and Prayer-book reposing among the pine-needles at her feet.

"Oh, rabbit-tracks! But there is a path through the fields from the back of your house, across a plank into the wood, and so into the shrubbery close to the church."

"I often heard what short cuts were, and now I know," Miss Sandys declares ill-temperedly, finding her skirt will not hang properly, but despairing of improving it by means of the pins at her disposal. The young man picks up her parasol and Prayer-book, and hands them to her.

They walk on together through the dark wood.

The air is full of the fresh pungent smell of the firs, whose flat boughs meet overhead in a roof thick enough to shut out the May sunshine, except where, here and there, it finds its way through a break in the dark green canopy, and falls in a long beautiful slant of misty gold on the rough bark or mossy roots of a fir-tree, or on a brown boulder whose hollows are brim full of pine-needles, or a tuft of young, silvery, uncrumpling fern.

"What is that little tinkling sound?"—Miss Sandys breaks the silence.

"That is the church-bell."

"You always come to this church?" Miss Sandys inquires carelessly.

"Always—when I go to church at all."

Baffled again, and annoyed by the amused look which she fancies she sees in his face, though he is looking straight before him, Miss Sandys walks along in a very dignified fashion, holding her parasol over her head and the train of her silk gown in the other hand.

"You seem fated to come to my aid in time of need, wherever you appear from," she says, smiling negligently.

"One might almost fancy you a knight-errant, if chivalry were not extinct all the world over."

"I hope it is not extinct."

"It is certainly extinct in civilised countries."

"Then may we long remain uncivilized!"

After this they walk along in silence for another minute or two.

The tinkling of the church-bell has ceased suddenly, and there is a great stillness, broken only by the sough of the south wind in the tops of the firs.

"There seem to be plenty of rabbits about here."

She is looking at the deep holes among the roots of the trees and in the brown banks among the ferns and blue-bells.

"There are—too many. But Brabazon will soon exterminate them. He is fond of potting rabbits."

"You know Colonel Brabazon?"

"I have known him since he was a little boy."

"He is married to a cousin of mine."

"Yes, I know. I have met Mrs. Brabazon."

"Since they came back from India?"

"Oh, yes! Brabazon was not married when I went to China."

Another pause, while the firs give place to other evergreens—tall laurels and yews and bay, with here and there a laurestinus covered with clusters of little waxen blossoms.

The path here is swept and garnished, and presently turns sharply round a corner, and ends at a little iron gate leading into the churchyard at the back of the old ivy-muffled church.

"You cannot lose your way now," he observes, opening the gate to let her pass through.

"You are coming to church?"

"Yes. But I am going round to the road first."

He lifts his hat in a grave salute, closing the gate behind her.

Miss Sandys follows the narrow path between the grassy graves round to the front of the church.

Here she finds Hetty and her husband waiting for her.

"Hetty, am I fearfully late?"

"You could not be late here, if you tried," Brabazon laughs, shaking hands with her. "I dawdle as much as I can; but I always find myself too soon. You are half the congregation are still in the road."

"Such a time as I've had!" Rosalind laughs, displaying her torn gloves and parasol to her cousin's sympathetic eyes.

She is on the point of relating her adventure in the sunk fence and describing the hero of it, when she sees him coming into the churchyard from the road, with an elderly woman in a widow's dress leaning upon his arm.

He is looking neither to the right nor to the left, but is walking very straight, talking to his companion, who has a large, rather coarse, red face, light waving hair beginning to turn gray, a short nose, and round blue eyes, and is very handsomely dressed in silk and crape.

"Who are those people?" Miss Sandys asks very quickly, touching her cousin's arm.

Hetty turns to look, putting up her eyeglass.

"Why, don't you know? Those are your cousins — the Fetherstones of Meadowsweet."

"The Fetherstones of Meadowsweet!"

"Yes. That is Hugh Fetherstone, and the woman is his mother. Doesn't she look every inch a cook?

"And yet I am sure she paid fourteen shillings a yard for that black silk!"

"My dear, don't stare at them so!" Brabazon expostulates.

"Oh, Mr. Fetherstone won't see! He never condescends to take any notice of me when his mother is with him, because he knows I don't bow to her, though I should to him.

"And he treats Lady Brabazon in just the same way."

"I think he is right," Art observes calmly, twisting his moustache.

"But if he expects us to notice a woman who has been a cook——"

"I don't know that he expects it; do you?"

"You need not be rude, Arthur. Your mother never called upon Mrs. Fetherstone."

"And my mother made a dunce of herself!" Art says undutifully. "I always call upon Mrs. Fetherstone."

"Oh, gentlemen can do what they like! Your visiting at Meadowsweet and your mother visiting there are two very different things."

"I am sure Mrs. Fetherstone thinks so." Art flatters himself incorrigibly.

Hetty's wrath boils over.

"Rosalind, I put it to you. Does your mother intend to take any notice of these people?"

"Not the slightest!" Miss Sandys answers very decidedly, and with a considerably heightened color.

"I told you so!"—Hetty turns to her husband.

"I know aunt Honoria would be furious if Rosalind were asked to meet this young man.

"You may fancy when she never told me a word about them; it was only after we came back from Mourne yesterday, Rosalind, that my mother-in-law told me how young Fetherstone was related to you."

"I think you all make a great fuss about nothing," Art observes, following them up to the church-porch.

"I never knew till a week ago that Hugh Fetherstone was related to the Sandyses either; but I know, if he were my cousin, I should make no secret of the relationship, for there's not a finer fellow alive."

"Oh, Mr. Fetherstone himself is well enough!" Hetty allowed.

"Of course I know people run after him, as they do after every good-looking young man.

"But you will never find any of the gentry about here calling upon a person whose relatives keep the baker's shop in Kilfinaghty."

Miss Sandys is angry.

She has been, in fact, very nearly speechless with indignation for the last five minutes.

The service in the little dim church is a long one, but it is not long enough to give her wrath time to cool.

This low-born young man—this Fetherstone of Meadowsweet—has dared to address her, has spoken to her as if he were her equal—he, the son of a cook!

He has dared even to quote poetry to her, to touch her hand, to dictate to her where she shall walk and where she shall not walk—he whom she should never have addressed, whose assistance she would have repelled with scorn—or so she tells herself—if she had had the faintest idea of his identity.

And he had known who she was all the time!

He had been laughing in his sleeve at her stupidity probably.

And she—she had called him a swell in her own mind, a prince of Thule! It is absurd—it is unbearable!

Leaving the church with Hetty when the service is over, they come upon the offender standing at the church-gate talking to Colonel Brabazon.

Hetty bows to him very graciously—Mr. Fetherstone raises his hat from the crisp locks which had glittered so fairly in the sunshine yesterday while he and Rosalind floated idly upon the glassy sea under Mourne Head.

In looking at Hetty he cannot very well help glancing at her companion.

Whether he expects any recognition in that quarter or not cannot be known; but, if he does, he is disappointed, for Miss Sandys, looking straight at him as she passes that there may be no mistake about it, cuts him dead.

The Brabazons carry Rosalind back to Monkswood to luncheon.

The avenue from the gate to the house is very long, but the young lime-leaves chequer it with soft diaphanous shadow, sheets of blue-bells stretch away on either hand under the trees.

The little fawns stare at them out of the ferny hollows.

The wood-doves mourn melodiously; down in the more sheltered brakes at the bottom of the lawn the hawthorns are in blossom—the faint perfumes comes to them as they walk slowly under the lime-boughs on the warm puffs of the south wind.

"Hetty talks a great deal of nonsense about the Fetherstones," Colonel Brabazon says, making a cut at the blue-bells with his stick.

He is walking with Miss Sandys, his wife leading the way with old Sir Hercules Brabazon, and he approaches the subject as if he were a little shy of it, having seen the insolent look in Rosalind's eyes at the church-gate.

"But nobody can deny Mrs. Fetherstone's origin, Arthur."

"Of course, I know that. But everybody knows Hugh—he dines at the best houses, and plays tennis and dances with the girls. And why shouldn't he?

"The Fetherstones are one of the best families in the county, and Hugh himself as high-minded and gentlemanly a fellow as I ever met."

"But his mother was a cook!"

"Well, she was; and she is as vulgar a woman as ever lived, though I would not give Hetty the satisfaction of allowing it—good-natured and unassuming, and would be most charitable, but that I believe the poor people about nourish a vendetta against her for changing her religion; but she is not a bit more of a lady than her cousin Mrs. Fury who keeps the baker's shop at Kilfin.

"Still the poor woman can't help being as she was born, and I think the deference with which Hugh treats her is admirable—if she had been a royal princess he could not show her more respect."

"She is his own mother. Of course he should show her respect."

"Oh, a great many sons who are made as much of as Hugh is would soon fight shy of a mother like Mrs. Fetherstone!" Brabazon says, with a shrug.

"Hetty is quite right in saying nobody could be expected to call upon her," Rosalind remarks, looking about her very carelessly.

"Rosalind, I thought you had more sense!"

"I have not sense enough to acknowledge these people, Art, if that is what you mean."

"Well, I can't help you, if you won't," Art says, glancing at her, half vexed half amused.

"But I thought, of all people in the world, you would have been above such nonsense. And I think you will be a dunce if you refuse to acknowledge your cousin Hugh Fetherstone."

"Please don't call him my cousin."

"Of course the Brabazons won't ask him to meet you if you really object to it. And I don't suppose Hugh himself cares a jot whether you do or not.

"But I think you are acting against your own honest convictions, Rosalind; and, if you are the girl I take you for, you won't let Hetty bias you, or your mother either."

Rosalind does rather despise the prejudice which is so conspicuous in her cousin Hetty—and other members of her mother's family.

The very fact of this leads her unconsciously to look more leniently on the mesalliance upon which they lay so much stress.

And even the young man's own conduct, which a few minutes before had seemed to her so unpardonable, appears much less heinous now since she had allowed herself.

"Woman-like, to take revenge too deep for a transient wrong."

"Of course, if I meet Mr. Fetherstone at Monkswood," she begins.

"You won't cut him dead?" Art finishes, looking at her, and laughing.

"I could scarcely be guilty of such rudeness to one of Lady Brabazon's friends—at Lady Brabazon's house!"

"Well, Hugh is a great friend of Lady Brabazon's—it seems the elder brother who died seven or eight months ago was her agent, and Hugh has taken his place—not in the agency, but in her regards.

"She was always very fond of Hugh as a lad—a great deal fonder than she was of me when I used to stay here, long ago."

"Has he any other brothers?"

"No—there were only two—Tom and Hugh. When Tom died, Hugh came back from China to look after the farm. It belongs to him now."

"Has he any sisters?"

"No, fortunately."

"Why fortunately?"

"Well you see, it would have been so much worse for girls. They could go nowhere without the mother, even if people asked them, which I don't suppose they would."

"No, I suppose not."

They walk on in silence for a minute or two, following Hetty's brocaded mantle and shimmering jet bonnet and old Sir Hercules' white hair fluffing out under his hat.

"If I were a girl," Art says, in his lazy way, "I should be certain to fall desperately in love with Hugh Fetherstone."

"Perhaps you would not, if you were a girl. Men always admire other men whom women do not admire."

"I don't know how any girl could help admiring Hugh."

"Don't you?"

"No, nor falling in love with him either."

"My dear Art, if every girl who met him fell in love with Mr. Fetherstone——"

"Well, that might be awkward!" Art allows, laughing.

"I have no doubt he is very susceptible!" Miss Sandys says negligently, looking straight before her at Hetty's shimmering bonnet.

"There you are wrong. I don't believe I ever met a fellow so unsusceptible—so proof against woman's arts.

"I would stake all I am worth that Hugh Fetherstone has never been in love in his life."

"What a Sir Galahad!" Rosalind laughs, shrugging her pretty shoulders.

"And he is just the kind of fellow who will have the attack badly when he does get it," Art adds carelessly—so carelessly that Miss Sandys glances round at him to see if he is conveying a warning to her with regard to any future amusement she may propose to herself in which his friend shall play a conspicuous part.

But Art is staring at the white facade of the house with its pillard portico, and Miss Sandys is fain to believe there was no arrière pensée in the careless speech.

They find old Lady Brabazon waiting for them under the portico—a faded little old woman in a cap of shrimp-pink satin and feathers wonderful to behold.

She falls in love with Rosalind at first sight, not only for her good looks, but for her bright, fresh, talking manner, and the tall pretty girl, on her side, takes a fancy to the old woman, who is as clever and agreeable as she is eccentric, and much better company than Hetty, who finds her society such a bore.

It is cool and pleasant in the great shady dining-room, and Miss Sandys appreciates the chicken salad and iced champagne.

Lady Brabazon announces her intention of calling upon Mrs. Sandys on the following day, and also of carrying her dear daughter back with her to dinner at Monkswood, if Mrs. Sandys enters no objection to such an unceremonious proceeding.

Rosalind is sure that her mother will enter no objection, the wild beauties of Mourne Castle and its overhanging woods have begun to weary her a little, to say nothing of the uncouth habits of the servants.

But as long as Rosalind finds pleasure in her new possession Mrs. Sandys will not urge her to return to civilization.

By-and-by she will begin to miss her lover, and then she will return to it of her own accord.

In the meantime, her mother writes voluminous directions every day to dressmakers and milliners about the trousseau, and answers congratulatory epistles

from her friends on the subject of her daughter's brilliant prospects, the engagement having only been made public a few days before they left London, at Rosalind's particular request.

Rosalind has also begged of Art and Hetty not to mention it to Lady Brabazon or any one else for a while at least, to both their and her mother's great amusement. But Miss Sandys has a rooted objection to playing the role of an engaged young lady, and her mother, much as she should like to talk about her future son-in-law, his wealth and his title, is obliged to humor her whim here, as she had been obliged to humor it in London.

Gwen and Rosalind leave the dining-room together, Gwen holding her cousin's pretty hand—the hand adorned by the pearl and diamond ring.

"We shall have Lord Rushout over here very soon, I expect!" she smiles, looking at the ring.

"He promised to come in the Pilgrim, after he has been to Norway."

"I suppose he is the happiest man in Christendom?"

"Vere is very sensible," Miss Sandys says sedately.

They are standing in the winter garden, among strange palms and cacti and stiff mysterious aloes, and the warm air is full of foreign odors, and vast fan-shaped leaves hang over their heads.

"You mean by that that Lord Rushout is not a demonstrative lover?" Gwen says, studying her cousin's calm smiling face through her spectacles.

"He is not demonstrative in any role, I think."

"Well, no, I shouldn't suppose he was. But you like him none the worse for that, Rosalind?"

"Certainly not. Of all things, I should hate a lover who acted the Romeo."

"I don't think it would suit Lord Rushout to act the Romeo," Gwen laughs, shaking her sleek brown head.

Miss Sandys does not answer.

She is wondering if she should really object to a little more of the Romeo in Lord Rushout's manner—if a little real love-making might not be a very pleasant thing in this dreamy sunshiny place, for instance.

But she knows very well that, if her fiancee were beside her now, much as he undoubtedly cares for her, it would probably never occur to him to make a tender or a passionate speech.

"He will make a good husband," Gwen observes thoughtfully, "and that is more than some of the Romeos do.

"And now tell me—what do you think of your cousin, Hugh Fetherstone?"

"Think of him?" Rosalind repeats, with a start which proves that she had been thinking of him at that moment.

"Don't you think him very handsome?"

"Well, yes. I suppose he would be considered rather nice looking."

"Rather nice looking! Why, Rosalind, he is handsome!"

"I have met him twice," Rosalind says, with an odd little shrug.

"To-day, coming over the hill, he had to pull me out of that dirty ditch by the fir woods."

"And did you know who he was?" Gwen asks, opening her eyes.

"If I had known, do you think I should have accepted his assistance?"

"You would not have been such a goose as to refuse it!"

"I would have refused it. Besides, I had a thousand times rather have been left to scramble out by myself.

"If there is one thing more deplorably undignified than another, it is clawing wildly at a hand held out to haul you by main force up the face of a steep clay-bank.

"And fancy me in a bonnet too, and encumbered with a Prayer-book and parasol! It was too absurd!"

"I shouldn't have minded, if Mr. Fetherstone were my knight-errant," Gwen laughs shaking her head.

But Rosalind's vexed blue eyes are upon the white azalea-blossoms, not upon her cousin's pretty carmine cheeks.

She is wondering what Mr. Fetherstone is thinking of her at this moment, and the wonder deepens her own wild-rose color—first to have found her perched on that narrow shelf on the face of the cliff, weeping idiotically, they begged in a sunk face among furze bushes, in a silk gown and sky-blue bonnet!

What a big dunce he must think her! And then her conduct afterwards—conduct of which no well-bred gentleman should have been guilty!

How could she have passed him with that insolent stare!

How his handsome lip must have curled as she walked on with Hetty, self-satisfied the wound to her pretty pride salved by that unworthy act!

The mere thought of it makes her cheeks burn.

How could she have so far forgotten herself as by such ill-bred rudeness to have absolutely placed herself on a lower level than this low-born young man!

How shall she meet him, if it happens that the Fates bring them together for the third time?

Can she be civil to him, after being so uncivil—can she smile upon him so sweetly as to make him forget that insolent look? Or will it be better to keep up the appearance of hauteur, even if they are introduced to each other—to treat him, not as her own cousin, but as the cousin of the woman who keeps the baker's shop in Kilfin?

Perhaps he will not care to make her acquaintance! Why should he lay himself open to another rebuff?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Grave's Secret.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

"ANY letters?" asked the Widow Wright, turning from the counter to the corner by the window over which swung a placard bearing the legend "Post Office" upon it, and glancing through her spectacles at the small row of jars which were made to do duty as letter holders. "Any letters for our house, Mr. Bristol?"

Mr. Bristol, the senior of that name, who was too rheumatic to weigh groceries, was deaf as a post, and had perhaps the least natural talent for the reading of dubious scrip that could be found in the person of any living man; and besides this, could never find his spectacles—roused himself from a nap in which he had been indulging, looked bewildered, and seemed for a moment dubious as to what he should do next.

But seeing that Mrs. Wright's eyes were fixed upon the jars, decided that she wanted a letter, and reaching up, slowly took a few of them down, and with much deliberation, spread them before her like a pack of cards.

"I've put my specks some'rs," he said, "but where I dunno. Look 'em over, and sort out what's yourn, Mrs. Wright."

This was old Mr. Bristol's usual style of performing the business of country postmaster.

As it was an honest place, little harm came of it.

Often people carried their neighbors' letters to them, when they happened to pass their gates, and the only registered letter that ever yet has been sent to Wrightville was considered an insult to the community at large.

But that was long after the evening on which Mrs. Wright asked if there were any letters for "her house."

Peering over the little row spread before her, she saw that there was one—a small envelope—addressed in a delicate lady's hand to "James Wright."

"That's Jim," said the old lady. "Who can have writ to him?"

There were no more.

She put her single epistle in her pocket, pushed the rest towards Mr. Bristol, and nodded at him.

Mr. Bristol nodded in reply, re-jarred the letters, perched himself upon his stool, and went to sleep again.

Then the younger Bristol helped the old lady into her chaise, handed in her basket of groceries, and she drove away, with the letter in her pocket, and a queer feeling, half fear and half anger, at her heart, as she said over and over again, talking aloud to herself, as the old white horse plodded along the lonely road—"Who has writ to Jim, I wonder?"

Maggie the maid came out to carry in the basket, when Mrs. Wright stopped at her own gate, and she herself walked into the kitchen.

There was a great fire there, and on it the kettle was boiling, steam rushing from its spout in one long stream. Before this fire, Mrs. Wright now stood and warmed her hands.

"I wonder who has writ to Jim," she said. "If I'd thought it was that girl, I'd throw it into the fire."

Then a story she had heard of someone who had feloniously opened an envelope by holding it over the steam of a tea-kettle occurred to her mind.

"I wonder whether it would open in that way," she said. "It couldn't be any great harm just to satisfy myself that it isn't from her. Jim is but a boy, and I am his mother. I think, according to law, I'd have a right. I ought to, anyhow."

Then the hand which held the letter outstretched itself.

The stream of steam beat against the flap of the envelope.

In a moment or so, it hung loose, limp, and wet in her hands.

"I'll go and put my bonnet away," she said, in an unnatural sort of tone, and hurried up-stairs.

"I'm his mother," she said again, as she sat down in her chair, and drew the letter from the envelope. "It's right I should know."

Then she cast her eyes over the writing. There was not much of it. Just this—

"DEAR JAMES,—I know, after my conduct, it is my place to write first. I was naughty. Please forgive me. Isn't that humble enough? And if you do, come and take me to the picnic to-morrow.

"Your own,
"NELLY."

"It is from that girl," said Mrs. Wright. "It's from her. And things have gone far enough. And he hasn't told his mother a word. Oh, how hard it is to bear. That girl I don't want Jim to marry; but of all girls, that one."

She rocked herself to and fro.

"There's been a quarrel," she said at last, "and she's written this to make it up. If he never got it, he'd never speak. I know his pride. She comes of a poor lot. I hate her; she's a bad wife for Jim. I think it is my duty not to give it to him. I'll think it over."

Then she opened the drawer of her bureau in which she kept valuables or money, and thrust the letter in and locked it up.

She had time to think the matter over before Jim came in, for he was late, and "that girl" grew more distasteful to her every moment.

"Going to the picnic, Jim?" she asked as they sat over their tea.

And Jim answered that he hadn't thought of it.

"I'd go, if I was you, and take your cousin Miranda," said the old lady. "She expects it, I think."

And Jim, inwardly moved, by the remembrance of Nellie Barlow, and a wish to make her jealous, agreed to the proposition. He took Miranda to the picnic next day, and Nelly was there, and saw them together; and remembering her note, written in a moment of softness, when the wish to recall certain angry words she had said to Jim, was strong upon her, she grew sick with shame.

She had held her hand out in reconciliation, and he had not taken it.

Could anything make a woman more indignant?

After that she had never even looked at him.

Old Mrs. Wright, having kept Jim's letter a few days, felt that too much explanation would be necessary were she to give it to him after so long a delay. Besides it would be well for her son that he should not see it.

He would, of course, marry his cousin Miranda—only a second cousin—a girl she liked, and who would never set herself up above her mother-in-law, a girl who did not, like poor Nellie, look aggravatingly stylish.

But Jim did not marry Miranda. No one will ever know now whether Miranda would have accepted him or not.

After awhile she married a Mr. Wiseman, who was better off than Jim, and old enough to be his father.

And Nelly, too, married.

While her heart burnt with resentment against her old lover, she chose a new one, a dark, moody, silent sort of man, who carried her away to London, whence there came rumors now and then that she was not happy—that her husband led a wild life. Once someone declared that he was a very madman in his jealousy, and locked her in her room at times.

But no one knew whether it was true or not. Her parents would never say anything about her.

As for James Wright, he had gone to church to see her married, and had gone home with a headache. The next day he was delirious. A brain fever had set in, and the doctors shook their heads over him. What he said in his delirium only his mother understood, but if she could have undone the deed she had done, she would have thanked Heaven.

For weeks he lay at death's door, and then a pale shadow crept about the house, the wreck of bright handsome James Wright. His beauty was gone, and no one felt quite sure about his mind. He answered sensibly enough when he was spoken to, but voluntarily he never spoke.

After a while he felt strong enough to do farm work, and did what his mother suggested, and she grew used to his altered ways. And so matters rested when, ten years from her wedding-day, Nelly came back to her father's home in a widow's cap. And the people of Wrightville learnt that her husband was dead, and began to wonder whether he had left her any money.

Jim, ploughing in the adjoining field, saw her as she sat upon the old homestead porch, and stood for a moment staring at her. Then he left his plow in the furrow, his horses standing where they were, and went home. His mother saw him coming.

He tramped over the vegetable beds and trod down the young corn. He sought no path. As the bee flies, he sought the doorway at which his mother stood staring at him, and walked into the kitchen past her without a word.

"Jim, my boy," said the old woman, "what is it?"

He made no answer, but went to his room and straight to bed. For hours he never spoke to her. Then he began to babble. He uttered Nelly's name. He reproached her with inconstancy. He called her tender names in one breath, and cursed her in the next. Then he gave one wild cry and sprang up in his bed and dropped back again with his eyes staring towards Heaven.

He was dead. The mother knew that before they told her so. The next day a coffin stood in the low-ceiled parlor, and in it lay a pale statue with closed eyes, all that was left of James Wright. One by one the friends and neighbors came softly in to look at him, and went away often in tears.

At last came one woman—a fair woman in a widow's cap and veil—who stood longer than the rest looking at the still, white face, and at her own request, was left alone with it. And as she stood there, with thoughts for which there are no words trooping through her mind, an inner door opened and an old woman crept in.

It was Mrs. Wright, broken down at last, and with the strange, restless light of an unsettled intellect in her light blue eyes.

She held an old letter in her hand, and it rustled as she slowly crossed the room and stood beside the coffin.

"Jim," she said, "here's your letter. I have been thinking it over, and since you take it so hard, you'd better have it. Wake up, Jim; here's your letter."

But the white, frozen hands lay still upon the chest, and other small, living woman's hands grasped it instead. Nellie knew her letter, and knew all the story now.

"Here is your letter, Jim," she whispered. "Oh, Jim, Jim!" and she laid it softly under the white flowers upon the bosom, and, stooping, kissed the waxen hands and brow. "Oh, Jim, Jim!" she said again, and let her black veil down over her face and went her way.

And the gossips who stared after her as she passed down the village street, wondered if she had ever been engaged to Jim Wright.

But none of them ever knew. The grave keeps its secret; as does a woman's heart.

Scientific and Useful.

UPON DOWN.—An Illinois philanthropist wishes to benefit the poor by teaching them to eat their bread and butter with the buttered side down. He says that the sense of taste is most acute on the tongue, and that a very small amount of butter is satisfactory if put in the obviously right spot.

LIME AND SALT.—Lime slaked with a solution of salt in water and then properly thinned with skim milk from which all the cream has been taken, makes a permanent whitewash for outdoor work, and, it is said, renders the wood incombustible. It is an excellent wash for preserving wood and for all farm purposes.

WATERED MILK.—A German test for watered milk consists in dipping a well-polished knitting needle into a vessel of milk, and then immediately with-drawing it in an upright position. If the milk is pure, a drop of the fluid will hang to the needle; but the addition of even a small portion of water will prevent the adherence of the drop.

THE DIOSCOPE.—The dioscope does for the eye what the telephone does to the ear. An objective lens is fitted in some hall of entertainment, and by an electric wire communication is established with a small white glass plate in a room at any distance. Excluding the light from this room, a complete reflection is obtained of what is passing in the hall.

PAVING.—A new form of paving has been in use in Berlin since last year. Layers of bricks are put down from four to six inches in length, and impregnated with asphalte. After a time they absorb from fifteen to twenty per cent. of the bituminous matter, becoming remarkable elastic and capable of resisting pressure and damp. This new paving lasts much longer than any of the others, and it offers a sure foothold to horses.

SPONGES.—It is alleged that the cheap sponges sold in the streets are really old sponges cleansed with chloride of lime. If this be the fact, they must be sources of danger by way of infection. The *Lancet* however doubts the fact. There is always a large quantity of sponge in the market which is too poor in quality to be sold at the shops, and it is hawked about the streets and disposed of at low prices.

LIQUID STEEL.—A rolling mill has been devised for rolling molten iron or steel in a liquid state. According to this, the rolls are cast hollow, so as to receive a current of water which will maintain a sufficiently low temperature, and the metal is to run from a "hopper or distributor and fall between the rolls, becoming cooled on contact with them. The effect of this process, it is said, is to free the metal entirely from gases.

LIFE CHANCES.—If 1000 be taken as the average standard number of deaths among all classes taken together for a given period then the number of clergymen who die during the period is only 556, or barely more than half of the average; that of gardeners, whose occupation is nearly as favorable to a long life, is 559; that of agricultural laborers, 653; of farmers, 675, and of medical men, 1125. The highest death rate, that of persons engaged in hotels, is 2205; that of innkeepers is 1531, and of brewers, 1361.

Farm and Garden.

BARBED WIRE.—A farmer in Maryland has been experimenting with barbed wire fences for telephone use, and announces that farmers and others will soon adopt them for this purpose.

WORMS.—It is said that the simplest remedy for worms in cattle, sheep and hogs is turpentine mixed with a little feed or given in linseed oil or gruel; two ounces for a cow and one-fourth or less for smaller animals.

THE HOGS.—In weaning young pigs it is not necessary to remove them all at one time. Take away the strongest first, leaving the weakest for a week or two longer. As each is removed it leaves a larger amount of nourishment for the remainder, and by thus weaning them the weaker pigs are enabled to get a better start.

STOCK.—This is the best season for procuring improved stock, as many breeders usually have a surplus at this time, for which they may not find accommodations during the winter, and will sell at moderate prices. Besides this fact the buyer has a larger number from which to select, thus having better opportunities of securing first class stock.

CUTTINGS.—A correspondent says that he keeps cuttings perfectly safe through winter by choosing a dry place in his garden, opening a trench one foot deep, placing the cuttings in small bundles perpendicularly, working fine earth or sand among them. Cover with earth and ridge up to turn off water. Boards of course litter may be thrown over.

BUTTER QUALITIES.—There is no safe method of determining the butter qualities of a herd except by churning the milk of each cow separately. The bulk of the milk is not a sure indication. Very often the cow that gives but a moderate quantity of milk may yield the largest amount of butter. In breeding up a herd a knowledge of the characteristics of each cow will enable the dairyman to breed for the best results, as the superior cows may be used for breeding to thoroughbred bulls. It does not pay to keep the calves, unless the merits of their sires and dams are well known.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 8, 1884.

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THE RULE OF LIFE.

Grace of manner, courtesy of speech, reverence for elders and superiors, consideration for equals, gentleness towards the weak, the young, and inferiors, a blinding of the eyes towards either poverty or fortune—these mark the gentleman and the gentlewoman.

Clothing and the appointments of life are subject to the chances and changes of fortune, but manners and speech, rather than the pomps and the poverties, indicate the divergence between high and low blood, noble and ignoble qualities.

"Like mother, like daughter," and "Like father, like son," are ancient proverbs which, meaning anything, must signify that qualities, as well as features, are an inheritance which are likely to become a part of one's natural possessions.

A lack of refinement in one's manner, or any incivility in one's ordinary personal address, ought certainly to be a matter of regret to the person whose daily life displays such a defect.

But it is by no means uncommon for men and women to think, or pretend to think, that rudeness of manner and neglect of the courtesies of life are evidence of a strong character; and that a coarse and uncivil habit of speech is an admirable proof that the speaker is a "plain, blunt man," who is above sham and pretence.

Now, while coarseness may exist along with strength of character and righteousness of life, it is always a blemish to them, and never a help.

It is, of course, true that refinement is not righteousness, and that a rude and ignorant saint is always better, in God's sight, if not in man's, than a refined and intellectual sinner.

But that is not the question at issue. The only point concerning which one ought to think is the question whether a lack of graciousness in character, and courtesy in manner, is in itself good or bad.

Unfortunately, there is too common a tendency to confuse this question by considering it along with totally irrelevant matters. Badness is sometimes polished, goodness is sometimes rough; therefore, illogically concludes the hasty reasoner, anxious to excuse his own coarseness, rude strength is better than courteous strength.

This shallow argument finds plenty of acceptance, because it is a great deal easier for most people to be thoughtlessly coarse than to be studiously gentle; and so they conclude that it is a matter of little moment whether the manners are attractive or not.

Every one who is trying to lead a good life, should also try to lead a winsome and courteous life. By abandoning gentleness of disposition and graciousness of word and deed, he throws away a means of growth, and an effective weapon.

SANCTUM CHAT.

One of the fashionable schools of New York has introduced a new thing called slumbrous comeliness, which teaches the young ladies to assumes graceful poses in bed, to keep the mouth shut, how to snore, etc.

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An English aeronaut says that ballooning has saved his life, and he believes that the pure, unadulterated oxygen which exists about a mile above the surface of the earth would be a great benefit to invalids if they would make the ascent.

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In Naples considerable success has followed the removal of portions of diseased lungs in animals. More than fifty per cent. of the cases recovered, and it is thought the time will come when it will be a recognized part of surgical practice.

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From the report of the directors of convict prisons in England, it is found that the total number of persons in custody under sentence of penal servitude is 8,574. In 1869 the number was 11,660. There has been a steady decrease from that date to the present time.

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A celebrated Parisian dentist is quoted as saying that children whose education is forced, lose their teeth early in life, and cites numerous instances in proof of his assertion. He says the phosphorus and lime needed by the teeth is used up by learning the sciences of professors.

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There is more railway travel in Massachusetts than in any other State in the Union. The number of passengers carried by the roads last year was 53,000,000. Pennsylvania comes next with 50,000,000, and New York third, with 44,000,000. Illinois, New Jersey and Ohio follow in the order named.

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Character is the united product of thinking, feeling and doing. It is a mistake to make action correspond with knowledge without the intervention of feeling; it will not be ruled out. Knowledge must be made vital in the heart before it can blossom into conduct, and the continual passing of right feeling into right action alone can form a worthy character.

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A scientific man, writing from Florida, speaks of the great advantages houses have there, as well as in South Alabama, in being built upon pillars, and having no cellars. The cellar atmosphere is a prolific source of disease, and increases by seventy-five per cent. the risk from malaria. With the houses upon pillars, there is always a free circulation of air beneath.

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It may certainly be said of some people that affectation is their nature. Nobody has ever seen them without it. They are incorrigible from native incompetence. They have no standard apart from the people about them, or the images which a feeble fancy constructs out of books. They can change their model, but they know not what it is to be themselves. They cannot grasp things firmly or hold opinions definitely enough to be natural.

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The taking of an excessive amount of food leads not only to disturbances of digestion, but also to injury to the power of absorption; and this may become a serious matter. Moderation in eating and drinking should be the rule of life. To eat too little is injurious; it leads to poverty of blood, emaciation and weakness. To eat too much is in some respects better than to eat too little; but, if the excess be considerable, the injury will be considerable, also.

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People who are vain and selfish, shallow, petty, or false, cannot honor their employment, whatever it may be, and cannot attain any real success in it, for, to make it subserve the ends of mankind, the very opposite qualities are required. From cleaning a street up to regulating the affairs of a nation, the character that is put into the work is what will determine its value, and only that can be put in which already exists in the worker.

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Parisian horse cars are allowed to carry only a certain number of passengers—ten standing on the front platform, ten on the rear platform, and as many in the car as are allowed to have seats. Those inside pay fifty centimes (ten cents), and those outside twenty-five centimes. When a car has its complement the gates are shut, a sign is hung out, reading, "filled," and no one can enter.

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A Connecticut jeweler says that, singular as it may seem, no watch will keep the same time with two people, and if passed from one person to another for use, must be subjected to re-regulation. This is said to be owing to the temperature of the wearer, and it is claimed that the mere physical difference in gait and movement of different persons will affect the keeping of absolutely accurate time, and that it is also affected in a slight degree by the magnetism of the wearer.

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Simple integrity, simple fairness, simple justice to rich and poor alike, giving to each one his rightful dues, striving neither to oversell nor to underbuy goods or labor, incurring no debts that admit of a possible doubt of being promptly met, and luring no one else to do so—in short, carrying out in the daily life the principles of honesty and fairness is the very best and most efficient means of benefiting the community, and the only foundation on which to build a benevolence worthy of the name.

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The country for the poor man, says the American consul, is Mexico. The laborer can put up his house for nothing, because the woods produce all he wants—the forks of trees for supports, bamboos to form the walls and sides, vines to tie all together, and grass and palm for the roof. No nails, bolts, hinges, screws, locks, or anything of that nature is required; and, with mud-plastered walls and a little whitewash, he has a comfortable, neat house. His clothing is decidedly inexpensive, for he needs only summer clothes of flannels.

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One of the most important uses to which photography has been successfully applied is the reproduction of early manuscripts and rare editions of printed books. A photographic fac simile, which now can be printed in ink, and thus be made permanent, has obvious advantages over a hand-made copy; and, when a rare text is the subject, who would not, next to the manuscript itself, wish to have its perfect image in preference to the best editions that scholar and printer can produce? The scholar may err; the printer may blunder; but the lens of the camera cannot fail.

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Kindly actions, begun from a sense of duty, blossom into affection, and afford some of the sweetest pleasures earth can bestow. Active industry, at first painful and arduous, unfolds our powers and comes to be the source of keenest satisfaction. Purity of thought, word and deed, sought at first from a knowledge of its righteousness, comes at last to be the natural air which the spirit loves to breathe. Thus, duty of every kind, containing within it the germs of delight and beauty, will, if cherished, develop the sweetest flowers and richest fruits, and the good and the beautiful thus clasp hands and claim kinship for ever.

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The following is a physician's receipt for reducing flesh: 1. For breakfast, eat a piece of beef or mutton as large as your hand, with a slice of white bread twice as large. For dinner, the same amount of meat, or, if preferred, fish or poultry, with the same amount of farinaceous or vegetable food in the form of bread or potatoes. For supper, nothing. 2. Drink only when greatly annoyed with thirst; then a mouthful of lemonade without sugar. 3. Take three times a week some form of bath in which there shall be immense perspiration. The Turkish bath is best. You must work, either in walking or some other way, several hours a day. 4. You must rise early in the morning, and retire late at night. Much sleep fattens people; and wear a corset that does not compress.

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To devote one's main energies to the lighter parts of existence, to become absorbed in amusements, or social pleasures, or dress, or display, to the exclusion of the grand thoughts or purposes of life, betrays a shallow character that never reaches below the surface of things. He who lives a full and rounded life is not he who despises trifles, still less is it he who dwells in them, but he who, looking upon life in its wholeness, gives to each of its parts due respect and attention. He is too thoughtful to be frivolous, too earnest to be paltry, yet he "Thinks naught a trifle, though it small appear. Small sands make the mountain, moments make years, and trifles life."

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"Give your daughters a thorough education," says an eminent writer. "Teach them to cook and prepare the food of the household. Teach them to wash, to iron, to darn stockings, to sew on buttons, to make their own dresses. Teach them to make bread, and that a good kitchen lessens the doctor's account. Teach them that he only lays up money whose expenses are less than his income, and that all grow poor who have to spend more than they receive. Teach them that a calico dress, paid for, fits better than a silken one, unpaid for. Teach them that a full, healthy face displays greater lustre than fifty consumptive beauties. Teach them to purchase and see that the account corresponds with the purchase. Teach them good common sense, self-trust, self-help and industry. Teach them gardening and the pleasures of nature. Teach them, if you can afford it, music, painting, etc., but consider them as secondary objects only. Teach them that a walk is more salutary than a ride in a carriage. Teach them to reject with disdain all appearances, and to use only 'Yes' or 'No' in good earnest."

The cleansing and purifying of water is a matter of double importance. Besides its use as a beverage, water enters largely into the preparation of our daily food; and this fact alone should command more regard for its purity than is usually given by the housekeeper. Each year the subject becomes more prominent and important because of the increasing pollution—a sure and seemingly unavoidable pollution of our water supply—which the growth of population, and its attendant settlements, inevitably bring in their train. Civilization has its ills, for which we must adopt remedies, or suffer the consequences. A section of country, thickly populated, becomes contaminated in its subsoil, from the constant surface-deposit of animal and vegetable matter left to accumulate and decay; and although, in such districts, cool and sparkling water can be obtained from the ordinary wells, yet, with all its clearness and seeming purity, it is not possible for it to be otherwise than corrupted and unfit for use as a daily drink; and in cases where malarial and typhoid fevers become epidemic in such districts, those who have been in the habit of drinking or using the water are the first to be attacked

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In the last twenty-two years the national debts have increased from $13,000,000,000 to $28,000,000,000. This is apart from municipal and corporate indebtedness, which, during the past quarter of a century, have been added to prodigiously. The only nations that have succeeded in getting rid of any part of their national obligations are the United States and Great Britain. We are liquidating our national indebtedness at a rate unexampled in the history of the world. But in all the rest of the world there is a steady and immense increase in the national debts, as well as in corporate obligations. Capitalists and the bondholders are growing in importance and power, due to the rapid increase of national and corporate indebtedness. We hear much of the reign of the people, but the real rulers of nations to-day are the plutocrats, the great bankers, money-lenders and creditors of the government, and the great corporations. There will be a revolt some day against this unnatural domination, and a general agreement will be come to to repudiate national debts. The only foremost nation which seems likely to honor all its debts is the United States of America.

THE IRIS.

BY CLARA THWAITES.

The Iris bloomed amid her peers,
A glory through the passing years,
A chalice for the summer's tears.

And there in stately grace she grew,
An oriflamme of gorgeous hue,
Beneath the skies of tender blue.

And none would dream that on her breast
She bore the symbol closely prest,
Which wins a weary world to rest.

But in that hour of Nature's woe,
When autumn woods are all aglow,
And pale leaves to their burial go,

Her awful secret, long concealed,
The Iris lingeringly revealed,
And whispered how a world is healed.

She hinted at the gathering gloom,
The drops of blood, the fearful doom,
The agony, the death, the tomb.

The triple capsule, open laid,
The blood-besprinkled rood displayed,
The ruddy cross of One betrayed!

And thus the Iris in her death
Confesses with her latest breath
The Cross—the Passion—and her faith.

Fortune's Wheel.

BY HARTLEY RICHARDS

"I DON'T know," returns the girl dreamily, answering some question; but her mind has evidently wandered from it, and is lost in sad labyrinths of its own creation.

She is sitting amidst the scented clover—a great grove of pine trees making a fragrant background—and has taken her knees into her embrace.

Her large earnest eyes are full of an intensity almost terrible in one so young and fragile, and are fixed upon the break in the view through which the ocean can be seen, as it lies moaning far down below.

In her lap a heap of dying roses are emitting the sweetest perfume. Half-forgotten they are lying there, though plucked an hour ago to adorn the quaint old Wedgwood jars in the drawing-room.

"That I love you?" asks the young man who is stretched at her feet upon the grass, gazing into her preoccupied face with a curious intentness.

Evidently his prolonged stare distresses her; she flushes delicately, and turns her head away.

"Let us talk of something else," she says with a poor attempt at lightness.

"Afterwards, if you will. But first I must get to the root of your mysterious speech," returns he, shifting his position so as to bring his eyes to bear again upon her averted face. "You have almost told me that you don't believe in my love for you."

"Not quite that."

"Yes, quite that, as it seems to me. I want you to tell me why."

"How can I? Even to myself an explanation would be difficult; and to you ——"

She hesitates; her head is bent now; her slender fingers are toying nervously with the roses in her lap; the pale flush of a moment since has deepened into a burning crimson.

Still pitilessly he keeps his eyes upon her face, as though her childish confusion and distress affords him some inward amusement.

With a persistance that amounts to cruelty, he watches each variation of her mobile features, finding, in thus studying her transparent mind, a selfish pleasure not to be foregone.

"Go on," he says, evenly. "To me, what ——"

"Why will you pursue the subject?" she asks, tremulously, raising her large eyes to his for a moment.

"Because I wish it," returns he, still smiling.

Under the smile, however, there is a touch of mastery beneath which she moves uneasily.

"If you will have it, then," she says, "it is this, there are moments when I think you love me; there are moments when I seem to know it—but there are many moments when I doubt your power to prove faithful."

He throws himself back on the grass and laughs aloud.

Perhaps he has not seen the agony on her fair young face, or the wistful longing to be contradicted in her beautiful eyes.

"What a baby you are, Vera! And so you think, with the little wisdom bred in your pretty head in this old-fashioned grange—or borrowed from the village down below—you can read me through and through, and sift my character with ease. Well! think so still."

"Such thought is torture," returns she in a low voice, decided by a touch of tenderest passion. "Tell me rather that my doubt is false."

"A taste of punishment will do you good," retorts he, smiling still and pinching her little shell of an ear in a gay fashion. "Tut! tut! let us now speak of that 'something else' you were so eager for a while ago."

A sudden curious flash lights her eyes—her nostrils dilate. It is but a momentary thing, and then is gone.

"Well, what shall it be about?" she says calmly.

"You, of course; what other subject do I care for?" says Stainer, quickly. Perhaps he has seen that sudden flash.

"You don't ask me what I care for?" says the girl slowly, her manner still a little strange.

"Because—was I wrong?—I believed I would be your first thought as you are mine! And, surely, you should take precedence in our discussion."

Her new-born anger dies. A heavenly expression comes to her soft face as she turns it upon him.

"To think that you must leave me this very evening!" she says, with tears in her eyes.

"Only for a little while."

"You are glad to go back to your London?"—with a side glance at him, full of suppressed reproach.

"I can be glad of nothing that takes me away from you." There is real feeling in his handsome face as he says this. "You know that at least, Vera?"

For answer, she holds out one hand to him, which he kisses lovingly; and, still holding it, drags himself still nearer to her over the swaying grass.

"Still you love the town," she says, jealously.

"Well—I like it."

"Yet when your uncle, over there," pointing vaguely in the direction of some wooded lands on her left, "dies, you will have to live down here most of your life."

"I shall have you then!" says Major Stainer.

"Ah! yes. But if you prefer the town.—What a pity it is I could not go there with you."

"It wouldn't suit you," says Major Stainer slowly. "You are only a little violet—the more charming to me"—hastily—"for that; but you would, I fear, feel yourself lost in that big world that you speak of."

"Not lost with you," says Vera, uncertainly.

Somehow her great eyes, resting on him as they do with soft question and wonder in their depths, put him out woefully, man of the world though he be.

"Of course not in that sense," he says. "But you have no idea how different you are from the women one meets up there."

"Are they so very lovely?" asks the girl, in a low, disheartened tone.

"Not so lovely by half as you, most of them, if one goes into it. But it isn't only eyes and mouth and a stainless complexion that carries the day. There is an air about those others that a little country mouse like you, however highly bred, could not acquire for years."

"I cannot see how even the queen can be more than a lady," says the child with pretty dignity, "and surely a Wrothesly may lay claim to that title."

"Birth and breeding have nothing to do with it," says Stainer, with a touch of weariness.

She is too ignorant of the world's ways to understand him. He is unaware that he himself is too ignorant of heaven's ways to understand the sweet soul that is within her.

"With these women I speak of, who have spent their days in a whirl of excitement ever since their schoolroom doors closed upon them, you would be misunderstood. You would find yourself miles behind them in earthly lore."

"Could I not learn it?" leaning forward eagerly.

"Better not try. No. The material for that sort of thing was not born with you. You are a trifle too earnest for fashionable life. These others I speak of wouldn't like it in you."

"Not even those æsthetic people, of whom you sometimes tell me? Might not this crime of mine, this earnestness you condemn, be deepened into intensity? If I proved myself 'intense' they should claim me as a sister. Should they not?"

"There would be a trifling objection," says Stainer, laughing again. "Their earnestness is all sham, yours a startling reality. Once they found that out they would never forgive you."

"So you think that I shall never make a great 'lady,'" says she, with a smile that is thoughtful.

"Never."

"Yet I should like to try. I would that some fairy sent me a fortune, and a face so fair that all the world should bow to it; then we should see."

He shakes his head.

"The strain would be too heavy for you. You are too simple a child to make a sensation in society. Give up all such ambitious views, and wish for something else."

"Then I shall wish for your return, every minute in the day, until we meet again," she says, prettily.

"By Jove! that reminds me," exclaims he, springing to his feet, "I must go at once, unless I wish to miss my train, and I am due at Lady Bland's to-night. Good-bye, my darling, and believe I shall never forget you—never, and that the last month, spent in this sweet Devonshire of yours, has been the happiest of my life."

"You did not ask me to remember you," says the girl, standing back from him.

She is clad in a soft, white, clinging gown, and her hands are clasped loosely before her.

Great heavy drops of woe stand trembling in her lustrous sapphire eyes. Her whole attitude is suggestive of bitterest grief and disappointment.

She would willingly have gone to him, and clung round his neck, and wept her heart out upon his; but, half-unconsciously, he has taught her that expressed emotion of any kind is in bad taste.

"Though indeed there is no need to ask," she adds, with a touch of solemnity in her young voice; "I shall never forget you—never."

"Oh, that! I know that," he says, with careless, comfortable trust in her affection. And then he takes her in his arms, and at the very last she so far forgets her lesson, as to give Nature sway, and clings to him, and lets him kiss her at his will.

And then it is all over; and he goes up to town, finding solace in a cigar; whilst she spoils her lovely eyes in weeping for him all that live-long night.

He wrote her fifteen letters in all, including one from Calais, where he stopped on his way to Berlin, and then he came to the conclusion that he must marry for money if he meant to keep up the old place as it should be kept—a matter that for many weeks had been troubling him; and then he told himself he was a heartless fellow; and then—he forgot her!

* * * * * *

Patti is singing, and deathly silence reigns, save for the grand tones that swell, and fade, and rise again, filling the wide expanse of the vast theatre with a rapturous melody.

Through the great hush the music is sobbing—thrilling—holding, as in a spell, the hearts of the mighty concourse.

Who shall say what unforgotten memories are brought into vivid life by these charming sounds? What sad but exquisite recollections make the pulses beat? At least they bring tears into the eyes of one.

She is quite a young girl; and in her absorption is leaning rather more over the cushions of her box than she is aware.

Her whole soul is in her face, which is extremely beautiful.

"Sit back a little, dearest; you should think a little sometimes," says a pretty woman, half a dozen years her senior, and evidently her chaperon, tapping her furtively with her fan. "You know people watch your every movement, and they will not believe——"

"What does it matter? Let her be happy in her own way," says a young man hurriedly, to the pretty woman, stopping a second message from the fan.

Indeed the girl has been so engrossed with Patti, that the first warning had gone unheeded.

Her eyes are full of passionate delight, tinctured with sadness—who is ever "merry when he hears sweet music?"—her lips are slightly parted.

Her gown is of costly white silk, broidered with pearls, and she is older, graver, yet altogether strangely unaltered since that time, a year ago, when she sat amidst the fragrant clover, and listened, with far-off dreamy gaze, to the plaintive murmuring of the waves as they beat their foamy breasts against the cruel rocks far down below.

Then her "false love" sat beside her; now——

Her eyes grow dim.

Slowly, as though some inward voice compels her, she turns them from the stage, and looks into the stalls below, and there she sees him.

"Vera!"

The voice comes to her vaguely, indistinctly, as it were through a hazy mist. It is her cousin, Lady Vynor's voice, and it awakens her to the necessity for calm.

She is still leaning on the cushions of the box, but now she draws herself up, and leans back, until she is so hidden by the curtains on her side that she is no longer visible to the stalls beneath her.

Raising her hand she passes it hurriedly across her forehead.

"She is ill," says Lord Digby, hastily. He is the young man who had taken her part a moment since.

"Ah! so she is," says Lady Vynor, in a frightened way. "Vera, dearest, what is the——"

"It is only the heat," says the girl, compelling herself to speak by a passionate effort. "It is really nothing."

She leans back as if exhausted.

"What is to be done?" says Lady Vynor, helplessly, half rising from her seat.

She is a nervous woman, always on the look out for midnight conflagrations and sudden deaths.

"Nothing," says Digby, quickly. "The opera is nearly over. Give her time to recover herself a little, and then take her home. The heat is intense; it is no wonder she feels it."

Indeed, Vera is ashen grey, but has by this time regained a certain amount of composure, and with it the knowledge that the old love upon which she had set such store is—dead; buried, lost, gone past all recall, in that one brief moment when her eyes had rested upon Stainer's.

Digby, taking a scent bottle from Lady Vynor, presses it into Vera's hand without looking at her.

The delicacy, the tenderness of the action falls warmly upon the girl's bruised heart.

How good he has been to her!—how sincerely he has loved her and obeyed her slightest behest, for two long months, without reward or any hope of it!

Twice Vera had refused him; and twice he had taken her refusal very well, but with an evident determination to persevere in his suit.

Being an Englishman, he had declined to recognise defeat.

And now, indeed, in this hour does he find his constancy crowned with success.

The generosity and spirit, the gentleness that marks him for its own, becomes fully known to her as she withdraws her eyes from that unexpected recognition in the stalls.

She turns with a shudder of repugnance from the dark beauty of the false face there, and glancing at Digby, tells herself there is surely beauty greater than the merely physical.

So thinking, she says some little kind thing to him, that lifts his heart from Hades to Olympus.

To explain to you about Stainer. When his eyes had fully met hers, and he is satisfied the radiant young beauty, up above, is in very truth the simple child whose love he had played with for a while and then flung carelessly aside, he turns to the man next him.

"Who is that girl in white up there?" he says hoarsely.

"My dear fellow! Not know the reigning beauty of the hour!" says his friend. "That is Miss Wriothesly, the most exquisite creature in England, and recognised as such."

"I have been abroad," stammers Stainer, with a poor attempt at indifference. The scent of dying roses, the roar of a far-off ocean is in his ears.

"Ah! just so," says his friend, pityingly. "Greatest mistake in the world to go one foot out of town. They say travelling enlarges the mind. It narrows it to my thinking. The sweet shady side of Pall Mall, and the Row, will teach you all that ever you may want to know—and a good deal more."

"Tell me of Miss Wriothesly," interrupts Stainer.

"Don't you see my theory exemplified straight through? If you had stayed at home like a sensible man you would not have had to ask the question. A year ago she was unknown. Then fortune found her. Some forgotten relation in Canada died and left her sole heiress to an enormous fortune; whereupon other relatives suddenly discovered they had for years been pining for her society. Her cousin, Lady Vynor, swooped down to the country grange where the girl was buried alive; and, bringing her up to town, flung her upon the world of fashion. A beautiful heiress is a rarity. Need I say how magnificent was her success?"

"And the man with her?" asks Stainer, with dry lips that almost refuse to speak for him.

Vera has now withdrawn from the front of the box, and a wild desire to rise and go to her, to see her again face to face, to hear her voice, is maddening him.

"That is Lord Digby. Good catch, too, and terribly spris in that quarter. Dare say she'll marry him after all, though she has refused him, off and on, it's whispered over since their first meeting. They say her maid brings her a bouquet and a fresh offer from him every morning."

"She has refused him, then?" a fierce glow of hope springing up within his breast.

The one glimpse caught of her a moment since has awakened in him a second love, before which the first seems very cold and tame.

Can this radiant beauty, with the pure, proud face, be indeed the little fond girl who had told him of her longing to be a great "ladye," and whose aspirations he had so mockingly crushed?

"Yes. But time works wonders, and most women go down before a title. Perhaps, with her beauty, she aims at higher game; but I should think an earldom ought to count. I have no doubt she'll marry him."

"Why?" demanded Stainer, so savagely, that his companion pauses to stare at him in simple wonderment through his eyeglass.

"Why shouldn't she?" he replies at last. "He is all anyone's fancy could possibly want to paint, and he is her slave into the bargain. She must be the most ungrateful woman born, if she doesn't show grace to him in the end. His love for her has been earnest and faithful."

At this last word Stainer winces. How can he, whose love has been so unfaithful, hope for forgiveness?

There had indeed been moments during the past few months when he had suffered his mind to wander to her, and he had thought often of her with great regret and longing.

During these brief intervals he had pictured her to himself as living always with her grandfather in that old-world village, alone, companionless; dreaming, perchance, sadly of him, "poor little thing!"

He grows hot and shame-stricken, as memory brings back to him these vain imaginings.

And now the curtain falls.

It is all over; and rising hastily, with a scanty word of adieu to his friend, he makes for the large hall, where he will see her as she passes to her carriage.

Presently she comes, enveloped in soft cashmeres, white as her own perfect skin, and with her two companions.

Lady Vynor stops to speak to some chance acquaintance, and Vera is left alone with Digby.

Her hand is resting on his arm; under the pretence of drawing the cashmere more closely round her, he lays his own hand upon it.

"I have been silent for a long time at your command, but I feel I must speak to-night," she whispers hurriedly. "Am I to take my final 'No' now?" He has turned very pale.

"No," says the girl quickly.

Then the absurdity of her answer striking her, a faint smile creeps into her beautiful eyes.

"That is," she stammers, "it is no 'no,' I mean——"

"'No no'? why that is 'yes' in any decent English," he exclaims.

"Well, take it," she says in a low tone, and with a glance that is half shy, half tender.

"But," she added with nervous haste, "there is first something I must tell you. To-morrow, if you will come to me at four o'clock, I——"

At this moment, a tall man, dark and handsome, pushing his way, somewhat

cavalierly, through the groups, makes for where she is standing. His face is agitated, his eyes are alight.

He holds out to her a hand that positively trembles, and after a hesitation, so faint as to be almost imperceptible, Vera lays hers within it.

Yet the hesitation to a lover's eyes has been visible; to Digby it is now quite clear what it is she has got to tell him on the morrow.

"Come, Vera," says Lady Vynor, rustling up to her. Vera makes a movement as if to go to her, but Stainer holds her hand fast.

"I must see you; I must explain," he says, with white lips. "Give me time; place——"

"To-morrow," says Vera, very gently. She is almost tender with him. So softly her glance rests upon him, that Digby's faithful heart loses courage, and he forbids himself to dwell upon the hope that a few minutes since had made his pulses throb with only half-concealed delight.

"Park Lane," Vera is murmuring in a low voice. She is still somewhat lost in wonder at this change that come over her. Only yesterday she had believed in her love for this man; who, now holding her hand in a close clasp, and looking into her eyes with an impassioned gaze, fails to wake in her the poorest spark of feeling. "Come to-morrow, at three," she says—a suspicion of pity in her lingering glance.

* * * * *

At three o'clock the next day, Major Stainer put in an appearance in the charming drawing-room in Park Lane that calls Lady Vynor mistress. He finds there awaiting him not only Vera Wriothesly, but the former pretty little lady likewise.

To her cousin, on her return from the opera last night, Vera had confided all her story—concealing nothing—and confessing to feeling a disagreeable amount of nervousness about the interview impending between her and her former lover.

"Go to bed, and don't let that trouble you," said Lady Vynor. "I have not come to my age, I hope, without being able to outwit a man. There; leave all that to me."

Now, seated in her favorite lounging chair, wreathed in smiles, Laura Vynor betrays fine determination to out-sit her visitor—with a smiling obtuseness to any desire for her departure, beyond all praise.

She is almost effusively amiable to Stainer—welcoming him as an old friend of Vera's. And so he has been at Berlin for a whole year! How delightful! He can now tell her (what she has been all her life so longing to know) whether Kaiser Wilhelm is as popular as one has been led to believe. And so on.

Stainer, bending in sulky silence, answers all her questions somewhat at random. His eyes are fixed upon the perfect profile of the girl sitting half inside the lace curtains of the window, and his mind is wandering to days, now past and gone, when her love had been his own beyond all doubt.

Her eyes never once seek the room, but are turned upon the busy world of carriages outside. One hand is lying idle in her lap, the other is lazily furling and unfurling a huge black fan. The curtains so far conceal her, that Stainer cannot see her expression, and so is unable to judge whether she is, or is not, as anxious to be rid of her talkative cousin as he is.

The moments, stealing all too swiftly by, tell him it is drawing very near to four o'clock, and that even an "old friend" must not inflict himself upon anybody for more than an hour at a time.

He has consigned Lady Vynor to regions impolite, and has half risen to take his departure, when an interruption occurs that compels Lady Vynor, bon gre, mal gre, to leave him alone with Vera. The mission on which the servant summons her admits of no delay.

When he has closed the door behind her he goes quickly to where Vera has been sitting. She has come out from the curtains, however, and is now advancing towards him.

"At last I can speak to you alone," he says, with a passion in his voice she had never heard there in the old days. "What tortures I have been enduring ever since that moment, last night, when once again my eyes looked into yours! And you, Vera—you cannot have forgotten all!"

"I have forgotten nothing," says the girl gravely.

"Ah, it is not so easy to forget," cries he triumphantly. "And you—you have a heart. You must still feel——"

She interrupts him by a slight but eloquent gesture.

"I am not heartless indeed," she says; "and I have felt—too much!"

There is a quiver in her sweet voice that misleads him. In truth, the emotion it expresses is not for him, but for the memory of those past dark hours when she had mourned so truly for a love, now known to be worthless.

"And may still be well with us," exclaims he, eagerly. "I love you now as I never loved you then. My silence during this last year I can explain. I——"

"Can you?" says Vera, not severely, but with a steady glance from her great violet eyes.

"I can—I will," declares he, wildly. "I was mad then—blind. But surely the love you once bore me will help you to forgiveness?"

"The love you killed? Do you appeal to that?"

"I swear——"

"Nay, no more false oaths," interrupts she again with a weary movement. "They will be useless now. The love you speak of is dead, slain by your own hand: if indeed," dreamily, "it ever existed."

"Not dead," entreats he with extreme agitation. "Do not say that. Give me a fresh trial—one last chance——"

"Too late!" returns she in a low, but firm voice.

Outside she can hear a step upon the stairs that of late has grown very familiar to her. The color rushes back to her pale face, as she turns towards the door. It is flung open rather impetuously, and Digby enters the room.

Their eyes meet; but, seeing her standing close to Stainer in apparently agitated converse, Digby comes to a standstill, and looks at her with a terrible reproach in his beautiful eyes. This look fades, however, and gives place to one of ecstasy, as she goes quickly up to him, and frankly holds out to him both her hands.

Leaving them still in his warm clasp, she glances back to where Stainer is standing, as if rooted to the ground.

"Major Stainer," she says with an odd little thrill in her soft voice, "Let me introduce you to—to my future husband, Lord Digby!"

Training enables Stainer to acknowledge the rather distant bow made him by Digby, but the sense of utter defeat is crushing him. He has grown haggard and aged in these last few minutes. He mutters something about an engagement, seizes his hat, and bows himself out, without permitting himself to look into her face, even once again.

"Vera, you meant it?" says Digby, when they are alone. He is scarcely less agitated than the man who has just left the room.

"I did," returns she tremulously. "It is but a poor gift, but if you want me, I give myself to you gladly."

"With this gift that you call poor, what man on earth shall be so rich, so blest as I?"

"Best hear me first," whispers she. "Do not take me until I have told you all. Last night," in faltering accents, "I met——"

"Not another word," says Digby gently, "I know everything. That man who has just gone—you—you——"

"I was engaged to him," says Vera simply, though with very troubled eyes. "And he went away, and forgot me. I—I thought I loved him, then; but last night, when I saw him again——"

She breaks down here, and bursts into tears.

Digby taking her into his arms, presses her head tenderly against his breast.

"Don't cry, sweetheart," he says, with passionate fondness. "If you tell me you have discovered that your love—for him—is still alive, I"—bravely—"shall try to bear it."

"Oh, no! not that," exclaims she, shuddering slightly. "I felt then nothing but wonder that I should ever have known even a childish affection for him. I knew the old silly story was at an end for ever; and"—shyly—"I knew something else too."

"What, Vera?"

She can feel the tender arms around her tremble.

Leaning back from him she looks softly into his eyes.

"That I loved you! she says, passing her pretty flushed cheek against his.

The Coast of Clare.

BY JOHN J. M'COY.

THE village of Kilkee is an out-of-the-way watering-place on the West of Ireland, in the county Clare. It is the resort of a few fashionable families in the summer season.

But it can hardly be called a fashionable watering place; for although you may find there a dozen Irish county families at once, and perhaps a stray and modest coronet, the number of fashionable fold at one time seldom exceeds the baker's dozen, or, if I want to be quite safe, rarely did; for I am now speaking of—ay, it is—close on twenty years ago.

The great bulk of visitors, however, came from Limerick, and the route from that city to the village was sufficiently long and tedious to try the patience of any but the most devout worshippers of Aphrodite.

You might go part of the way by rail, part of the way by river, and the remainder of the distance by road; or you might start by the steamboat from Limerick to Kilrush, and then finish from Kilrush to Kilkee by road. I am not quite sure now how long the latter journey took, but I think eleven or twelve hours.

You had in the latter course the advantage of passing down nearly the whole of the Lower Shannon, parts of which are ten or eleven miles wide.

The Lower Shannon contrasts very unfavorably with the upper portion of that noble river, the banks being mostly low, flat, uninteresting, and, in fact, depressing. A few spots here and there have some scenic pretensions, but they are few and far between.

I was at that time, as it may be inferred from an unguarded confession made above, twenty years younger than I am now.

But for the present I have done with confessions of this kind, and what age I then was will ever remain a mystery.

It will suffice for the present purposes that I say I was as tall then as I am now, and supposed to be able to take care of myself along the bold bleak cliffs or upon the bosom of the undulating sea.

This was my first visit to Kilkee, and one of the incidents which arose while I was there impressed itself so deeply on my memory that the passage of two decades has failed to blot out from my memory any detail of that occurrence.

I knew no one in the place, had no companion, and was thrown altogether on my own resources for amusement.

To people accustomed only to what I may call the pastoral aspects of the sea, the grand epic enacted by the ocean and the cliffs at this bold bald coast must at first be chilling and depressing.

But familiarity with this larger canvas, with its gigantic subject and heroic treatment, soon lifts up the mind to scorn of pretty and engaging detail.

Much of my time was spent on the short harsh grass of the Downs.

It was my delight to stroll slowly along the edges of the indented cliffs, and watch the great rollers of the Atlantic sway onwards to the rocks, and burst in thunder and break in foam hundreds of feet below me.

To the mystery of the sea and the calm solemnity of the deserted Downs was added the weird fact that under these gigantic cliffs, which seemed the adamant of eternity, stretched vast caverns of unexplored darkness, and perils which, even in the broad noon, filled the contemplation with dread.

Many of these caves had been, I was told, fully examined; but many were so far-reaching and tortuous that the boldest boatmen of the coast shrank from pursuing them through all their ways.

I had not been long in Kilkee before I made an expedition to some of these caves; and I confess that to this day a sense of intolerable oppression comes upon me when I recall those awful resounding concaves of everlasting darkness.

The torches carried by the boatman made a ruddy pool of light, which extended a few yards every way all round the currach; but beyond that pool of light the water was nothing but an infinity of darkness, blending with the infinity of darkness beyond its limit.

It seemed to me as though, beyond that ruddy circle, there was no water, no rock, no air: nothing but sunless void. And when, to test the echoes and reverberating power of these abysses, a gun was fired, it was as thought the Titans inhabited the place raised up their intolerable voices in thunderous execration of our intrusion.

I confess that I was glad when once more I saw the daylight, man's chief friend on earth, glimmering before me, and broadening as we rowed between the gigantic walls which formed the vestibule of these mammoth chambers of silence and the sea.

Having made a few excursions of this kind, and saturated myself in the oppressive fear attendant upon these visits, I made up my mind to content myself for the future with the surface of the sea and the surface of the land, until it came to be my time to take my final rest under either.

I do not profess to know much of natural history. I am by disposition so lazy that I am content to look at things I like, and enjoy the mere looking at them, without making any curious inquiries into their names, constituents, or natures: and having resolved to forego the vivid fears of the nether gloom, I spent a good deal of my time in lying on the Downs at a safe distance from the edge of the sheer cliff, and watching the sea and wild birds, and listening to the bursting of the billows along the voluminous shore.

But the fascination of fear had not passed away from me, and I chose as my favorite lounge the edge of a small gulf, round which the cliffs were two hundred feet high, and in whose western wall opened the portal to one of the largest and least explored of the caves.

I usually took up my place on the eastern side of the little gulf, so as to command the entrance to that cave.

Here, as I lay at full length in the broad and healing sunshine, and smoked my pipe, I was able to contrast luxuriously the delight of sunshine and free air with the oppressive sense of darkness and stagnation in that cave; and as I watched the birds fly in and out, I wondered if they felt depressed when they entered, and joyful when they made their escape.

I had been about two weeks in Kilkee, and although it was yet very early in the year, not more than half-way through May, a few visitors had already arrived. Among these was one family who took a house at the West End.

My landlady told me that the name of this family was Fitzmaurice; that the family consisted of father, mother, and daughter; that the people were very well off and "quality," and that Miss Fitzmaurice was one of the loveliest girls from Antrim to Cape Clear.

I had soon an opportunity of putting my landlady's description to the test, for, within an hour after her announcement, I met the three on the broad road that runs along the inner edge of the bay, and forms the chief promenade of the village.

I could not, upon mere inspection, decide as to the social and financial position of the Fitzmaurices; but I did not want to look twice to discover that Miss Fitzmaurice need have no great fear of passing unadmired where beauty only was admitted.

Any temptation which might have arisen in me to fall in love with the beautiful Miss Fitzmaurice was removed, a few day after I saw her first, by the arrival of a young man named McCarthy, who put up at the hotel, and, the every evening of his arrival, was seen walking the promenade alone with Miss Fitzmaurice.

There could be no mistake in the relations between these young people. That they were lovers an octogenarian could see.

McCarty was a fine stalwart young fellow of four or five and twenty, flat-chested, square-shouldered, light-flanked, long-limbed. He looked as though he could take care of himself in any company, under any circumstances.

He had the easy good-humoured assurance of the man accustomed all his life to good circumstances; and I am bound to say that, notwithstanding my great admiration for Miss Fitzmaurice, I at once took the liveliest possible interest in him and his sweetheart in their love affairs.

It was yet much too early to find strangers at Kilkee. I am sure there were not a dozen people beyond the winter inhabitants of the place.

July, August, and September were the months during which the village was full. Therefore in these early days of the year there were fewer people to speak of, and more known of them, than later on.

At that time the bathing accommodation at Kilkee was indifferent. Men who used the boxes on the strand had to bathe early in the morning. But the good swimmers scorned the boxes on the strand, and took their matutinal header from the rocks at the West End.

Here the accommodation was still worse than at the strand. We had to undress on the rocks and secure our clothes with large stones if there was any wind blowing.

Here it was I first met McCarthy. We happened to use the same table of rock as a dressing-room; and as all swimmers in the water look upon each other as members of the great natation club, we, while far out and lying on our backs resting, exchanged some words as to the coldness of the water and so on. That was the beginning of our acquaintance. We swam back together, talking as we swam. We dressed together and walked back to the hotel, where we parted, having arranged that our swimming hours should be identical for the morrow.

Six days went by, and our intimacy continued. Daily we met at the swimming hour, and shook hands at meeting and parting. Daily I encountered him and his sweetheart on the Downs, as I went my way to my roost on the eastern side of the little gulf.

The weather was exceedingly mild, and McCarthy had told me he was passionately fond of boating.

The boats here, called currachs, are of various sizes, but built of uniform materials. Stout canvas is stretched over a lattice frame and heavily tarred. The oars are long and slender, with narrow blades. The boat is round-bottomed, without keel or keelson, and is built specially with a view to climbing the vast, round, slow-moving waves of the Atlantic.

Across the Bay of Kilkee there stretches a vast rock of rocks called (I must spell it phonetically, for I have never seen the word in print) the Duggerner.

Outside those rocks rolls the eighteen hundred miles of ocean between them and the American shores; inside, the water is usually placid, and in the placid waters of the bay any amateur oarsman is safe by himself, but, outside, experience and nerve are often required.

I had once or twice seen McCarthy and Miss Fitzmaurice rowing about in the bay.

On the principle that "two is company, three is none," they dispensed with the services of a boatman, and indeed, as far as management of the sculls and strength went, no boatman could have displayed better form than McCarthy.

Once or twice I had stood watching him as he spun the currach round, shot her ahead, shot her astern over the smooth waters of the gleaming bay.

I remember very well it was on a Monday the last time I saw him rowing inside the Duggerner. I was coming home from my gulf to dinner.

The light was beginning to fade, and I stood at the West End wall and watched him as he rowed towards the vast table-land of flat rocks at the western angle of the bay, which was the beaching ground of the currachs.

He handed the girl out, and then, pushing off his skiff, pulled out into the bay again.

I went home, and had my simple dinner and read for a few hours, and then went to bed, thinking to myself that, when I met McCarthy at our usual swimming hour in the morning, I should playfully accuse him of want of taste in allowing so charming a girl to walk home by herself, while he himself clung to his tarry currach.

Next morning at the swimming hour McCarthy was not there.

When I was dressed I went down to where all the currachs lay bottom up on the flat rocks.

I noticed that something unusual had occurred during the night.

Not more than half the boats were beached, and it was much too early to suppose that they had been employed by any fresh arrival of visitors.

An old weather-beaten kiln-dried boatman was sitting on the side of a currach, smoking a pipe.

"Where are the boats?" said I.

"Gone out!" he answered.

"After what," I asked, "fish?"

"No," he said, slowly; "after that young man!"

"Good heavens!" I said; "what young man?"

"Young McCarthy," he said, "that was stopping at the hotel. He took a currach yesterday and pulled the girl all round the bay, and came back in the evening and landed the girl, and then pulled out beyond the Duggerner as 'twas growing dusk, and that's the last known of him; he never came back."

I got a great shock, for I had conceived a strong liking for McCarthy.

"Is it known what he said to Miss Fitzmaurice when they parted?"

"Yes, it is. It was then three-quarter ebb, and he told the lady he had a lantern with him and was going outside to one of

the caves. The boats are gone out to search the caves for him; but it's a poor chance, a very poor chance, I fear. It's been high water since, and he did not know the coast very well, and had never been in one of the caves. It's a poor chance, a very poor chance," said the old man, shaking his head.

I went home to breakfast that morning with very little appetite.

I felt sick when I thought of poor McCarthy, and distracted when I thought of the beautiful girl who had given him all the love she could bestow on man.

In half an hour I was once more down on the beach.

By this time the news had spread, and a little crowd had gathered.

"Any news?" said I to the old man.

He raised his arm and pointed out towards an opening in the Duggerrer.

"There's a curragh coming in," he said, "with an empty curragh in tow, and in the leading one there is only the three men that went out in her."

"Good God, then," I said, "that's McCarthy's boat, and the man is drowned."

There was a low moan from the little crowd, and some of the women covered their face with their hands.

When the approaching curragh landed our worst fears were confirmed.

The curragh had been found off Moran's Cove, full of water.

The bottom had been pierced by something—a rock, the men said. The oars, which are not worked in rowlocks or spurs, but tied with a piece of line each to one thole-pin, were found to be missing.

"The curragh," said one of the men, "must have been taken up on the top of a swell, landed on a spike of rock, and stove in. Very likely when the water fell the poor boy fell out and was drowned. Any way, we've no hope, for from this to there, and from there miles west, there's not a place where anything but a sea-gull could land."

At these words the crowd groaned, and I turned away.

I did not care to hear any further particulars of this dismal tale.

Moran's Cove was the place which I had called my golf. Was that place henceforth for me to be haunted by the shade of one whom I had learned to regard as a friend? The day wore on and brought no news of McCarthy.

In the afternoon Mr. Fitzmaurice came down to the beach and engaged a curragh and started off for Moran's Cove. In the evening he and the party of boatmen who accompanied him, returned. They had been in four caves, but one in Moran's Cove called Moran's Cave melodeon. Nothing had been found.

They had shouted in all the caves and received no reply. They had picked up nothing floating. The failure of this expedition confirmed the worst fears. At the entrance of Moran's Cove was an isolated sharp rock, which would have been just covered by the swells at two-prime McCarthy would have rounded it, and which would have been buried in the trough of the sea.

The universal opinion among the boatmen was that the curragh had been swept by a swell upon this rock, and passed over it, that the next swell had carried the curragh off the rock, and filled her with water; that the young man had then fallen out, or that the curragh had turned over, and that he had then been drowned, the curragh subsequently righting itself, though full of water.

The whole village was filled with consternation and grief. Nothing else was talked of all that evening and night. The few pro-menaders who, after dark, walked up and down the storm-wall, could not refrain from now and then casting expectant eyes upon the glimmering sea.

They knew that the curragh had come in empty, and they knew that there was no landing-place for miles along this coast except in the bay.

But still hope dies hard when our hearts are the advocates of it; and even the boatmen turned their faces now and then seaward as though they did not know that nothing short of a miracle could bring John McCarthy into that bay.

I could not sleep that night. I thought of the fine young fellow, in the very heyday of life, with prospects of success to parry the rude blows of the world with, health and strength and a sweetheart that would alone have been a sufficient object to live for—thus suddenly cut off by an act of insensate nature, helped by his own carelessness or perversity.

What could he have meant by foolishly jeopardizing a life which was valuable to himself and precious to her who no doubt blessed him, above there at the West End? Why should he, a comparative stranger to the coast, have risked his life on that perilous sea by night?

Had he not had enough of the sea that day with her, without running foolhardy risks in waters of which he knew little or nothing?

Would it not have been wiser for him to have seen her home, and then have gone back to his hotel and eaten his dinner, and walked along the promenade in the hushed darkness of the evening?

It seemed to me as though he had wilfully and wantonly thrown away his life at the very moment when all things conspired to make that life most precious to him.

Next morning I could not bring myself to go to the rocks at the West End for my usual swim.

I should have felt more acutely even than now if I stood there and missed him talk and heard poor Pat in the water.

Besides, I had a revulsion from the sea; it looked treacherous and deadly in my eyes.

After breakfast I went out and took my customary way along the West End to the Downs.

Although I had formed no intention of going to Moran's Cove, I felt a firm certainty that I should find myself there before long.

In addition to the old fascination of watching the mouth of that cave, there was now the new one added that somewhere close to this poor McCarthy had lost his life.

In less than an hour I found myself in my old place, lying on the grass, now watching the mouth of the cave, now gazing intently at the surface of the water, as though I expected something of him to rise to it.

I had not been here more than half an hour when all at once I was seized with an idea that made me spring to my feet as though I had felt the cliff beginning to give way.

I paused a moment and looked down intently at the mouth of Moran's Cave. But there was nothing unusual visible in the water, nothing unusual in the mouth of the cave, nothing unusual on the cliff.

But I had noticed something which had made my heart stand still. In less than a minute I was running at the top of my speed to Kilkee.

How I got to the beach where the boats lay I do not know now; I did not know then.

All I do know is, that when I reached the few fishermen I was speechless for want of breath.

I must have looked very much excited, for one of the men said to me—"Have you seen his ghost?"

For a moment I could not answer. When at last I recovered my breath, I said—

"Launch a boat. Quick! I'll show you where he is."

They looked at me incredulously for a while. Then they shook their heads as though they thought me mad.

"Launch a boat at once," I cried. "He is in Moran's Cave—I'll swear to you he is in Moran's Cave!"

"But," said one of the men, "we tried Moran's Cave yesterday, and he wasn't there then. "How can he be there now? What makes you think he's there?"

"The birds," I cried, "the birds! They fly a few yards into the cave, with fish in their beaks, and they only go out again with fish still in their beaks."

I had no occasion to say any more. Four men seized a curragh, and ran with it into the sea. I waded after them, and we got in.

"We'll try what it is, any way," said the owner of the boat.

The men pulled with all their might, and I steered with a spare oar.

I thought the time interminable, but at last we opened Moran's Cove, and I headed straight for the cave.

The opening was so narrow there was not room for the oars, and we shot in with the way already on the boat. We had not got twenty yards into the cave when, above the booming of the waters abroad, we heard from within a faint cry of joy.

There was now room for the oars. A few strokes, and in the dim light of the torch I could see the figure of a man standing on a shelf of rock.

"There he is!" I shouted.

The men turned round and uttered a loud cheer.

Before there was time for almost anything else, we were alongside the rock and McCarthy was on board. We raised another cheer now, pulled a few rapid strokes, and emerged from the cavern.

McCarthy's only words, when he gave us as we sat rock, were—

"Last night [illegible] Moran's Cave, with the intention of making the same passage, which I was told had existed, [illegible]. He struck at the cave, lighted a torch, and started. The passage was long enough, and in places [illegible]. He had gone a considerable distance, when the passage suddenly narrowed, so that there was hardly room for the boat to pass between the walls, and [illegible] nor [illegible]. He pushed on and looked [illegible]. As soon as he could see, by the aid of the torch, the passage was [illegible] narrow. Seeing this, he [illegible] that a few minutes it had been exhausting the place, the curragh had stuck fast in the passage.

The tide was, he knew, falling, but this could hardly account for her being jammed so quickly. He took an oar and thrust it down under the end near the mouth of the cave; the whole length of the oar did not get the bottom. He went up to the other end of the boat; there were not two inches of water here. As he clambered up to the high end of the curragh he heard a noise behind him, and looking round, saw that a spear-like jag of rock had pierced the bottom of the boat. At that moment his candle went out, and he was left in complete darkness.

With the oar he felt the shallow end of the cave, and found out that it was composed of a flat bed of rock ascending inward. He got out, and carefully feeling his way, foot by foot, he finally found himself some feet above the level of the water below.

Here he sat down in despair; he had no light, the curragh was useless, and the chance of any one seeking him down that hitherto unexplored passage almost valueless.

He had no means of finding out how the time went. He put his watch to his ear; it was going, but there was no light to see the dial. He gave himself up for lost. He tried to keep awake; he know not why. He had no fear of being overwhelmed by the tide when it rose again, for it was nearly high water when he entered the cave, and he was now several feet above where the curragh had stuck fast.

At last he slept. When he awoke he felt his way back to where he had left the curragh, and found that it was gone. Thus he knew that he had been then upwards of twelve hours in the cave. He went back to his old place and lay down there once more, praying that death might take him speedily.

He knew not, he cared not, how long he lay thus, but he remembered having slept again. It must have been during this second sleep that Mr. Fitzmaurice visited the cave, for it was more than likely that if McCarthy had been awake, he would have heard the cries.

After this second awaking, hunger and despair drove him nearly frantic. For a moment he resolved to strike, at the approach of death, and, diving down into the water, put [illegible]. The shock and the momentary touch of [illegible] suggested to him that he might [illegible]. He was in deep water and pitch darkness, but he knew that by keeping close to the wall on the left, he must, if he had strength to continue his way, reach the mouth.

Here he knew he should see daylight once again, and that it could be a [illegible] place on the ledge where we subsequently found him.

He scarcely remembered having reached that ledge, and, from the time he crawled up it until we came, he remembered nothing distinctly.

He had a dim recollection of the birds flying in, and that, in the belief that they were carrion birds waiting for his death, he had made gestures intended to drive them away.

It was a week before John McCarthy had recovered from the privation and the shock. But, within a month of that memorable excursion of his, I stood at his side in one of the Limerick churches while a certain ceremony went forward, and signed the register book by the place where a beautiful girl wrote for mine as Kate Fitzmaurice for the last time.

A SPIDER'S WEDDING.—Autumn is the time of the year to take notes on the courtship of the common spider. On their own garden walks now await (such as care to investigate the subject) such an episode of patience, love, and tragedy as is only to be [illegible].

The bridegroom may be found lurking somewhere near the object of his devotion, and is distinguished from the bride-elect by the comparative smallness of his body.

Now I have never seen a male spider weaving a fly-net, though he possesses the essential viscous fluid, and spins his single lines; but I have seen him helping himself to the stores of his lady-love, when her web has secured more prey than she could look after at the moment.

The patience of the observer will be tried, perhaps, by reason of the length of the courtship. The affection is solely on the side of the gentleman.

He has to use the utmost caution, not only in the manner by which he presents his petition, but in providing a safe and rapid retreat should [illegible].

He selects a branch, [illegible] the [illegible] of her web, [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] her web [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] her shade before she [illegible] of his presence.

[illegible] approaches her [illegible] yes, and [illegible] at the end of his thread, [illegible] [illegible] to repeat [illegible] [illegible], perhaps many times.

But as [illegible] in [illegible] creates an interest towards the wooer, he succeeds at last, like some of his observers, in gaining audience.

Miss Spider confronts the intruder: his best diplomatic powers are now called into play. Generally the interview is in favor of the suitor, yet you may witness his ignominious retreat, in which case it will be managed by his escape-ing; the pursued in his fall describes the arc of a quadrant, whilst the pursuer would have to traverse the two radii to capture him.

If his proposal be entertained, he proceeds by some mystic art of voice and touch to throw a spell of mesmerism over his bride, and by skilful manipulation of his fresh-spun web he binds her eight limbs tightly to her sides. His triumph is of short duration; soon retribution overtakes him.

She awakes from the spell, he is within her very claws, the next instant he is enwrapped by the deadly folds of her web.

The wedding [illegible] of the lone bride, like (Gray's) "She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs feasts on the writhing body of her devoted husband."

The following story is told of a newly-arrived Irish servant-girl who had obtained a place at a mansion in New York. On the day after her arrival her mistress observed her coming down the grand staircase backwards, and naturally inquired the reason of this crab-like movement. "Ler' bless ye, ma'am," was the answer, "we always came down that way aboard ship!"

Few like gray hairs, except on other persons. If your hair is turning gray, restore it to the hue of youth by using Ayer's Hair Vigor.

New Publications.

"Dora" by the author of "Phyllis" "Molly Bawn" etc., has just been issued by Lippincott & Co. It is almost unnecessary to say that it is a highly interesting story containing as it does an excellent plot, well-described character, vivid description and lively dialogue. Paper covers, 305 pages. Price 25 cents.

Le Francais, published monthly at Roxbury, Mass., by M. Jules Levy, is by all odds the best educational French journal ever attempted in this country. We cannot too strongly recommend it as an adjunct wherever French is taught. Not less than one copy should be taken in every school having classes in the language. *Le Francais* will not only assist in mastering idioms, pronunciation, but, thanks to the [illegible] cultivated sense for selection, in forming the taste of the learner. Subscription price per year, $2. Single copies 25 cents.

"The Mysteries of Marseilles; or, The Loves of Blanche and Philippe," by the author of "Nana," is an intense love story, overflowing with excitement and absorbing interest from beginning to end, while it bristles with the spiciest of details put in Zola's best and most effective manner. Unusual strength characterizes this truly remarkable and fascinating novel, and there is not a single line that the reader will not greedily devour, the only wish possible when the final word is reached being that there is more to come. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents.

"Three Visits to America," by Emily Faithfull. Cloth, price $1.50. Published by Fowler & Wells Co., 753 Broadway New York. The author of this volume needs no introduction to an American public; her work in behalf of struggling women during the past twenty years has been attended with so much success that she has acquired wide-spread celebrity in spite of herself. Her three visits in this country were made for the purpose of studying our society, our industrial methods and organizations in behalf of poor and unfortunate English women, and the record of these three visits is not a rush into print by purely personal motives merely, or to let the world know "my impressions of America," after the style of so many foreign tourists, but the notes of a [illegible] who is in earnest for the improvement of the condition of her fellow-women, and gives her best experience in the tracings of her pen. Few writers on America have seen so much of our country, talked with so many of our best people, and looked so deeply into our social habits and institutions; and as she relates the notable incidents of her journeys in a lively, agreeable manner, showing everywhere the woman of exuberant good-nature, the reader is captivated at the start. The eminent utility of what Miss Faithfull says here and there makes the book valuable, and therefore desirable; while it will entertain every one who takes it up, it will be sure to instruct those who are thoughtful.

MAGAZINES.

The Quiver, an illustrated unsectarian magazine for Sunday and general reading, will hereafter be issued monthly in this country by Cassell & Co., beginning with the new volume which opens with the December number. *The Quiver* has the largest circulation of any [illegible] in England and numbers among its contributors some of the most [illegible] and most popular writers of that country and the United States. Besides well considered theological essays it contains carefully chosen serial and shorter stories and [illegible] calculated [illegible].

In the line of illustration, the Christmas *Wide Awake* will be unsurpassed. F. H. Lungren, besides furnishing the water-color for the superb frontispiece now in the hands of L. Prang & Co., who are to reproduce it in eighteen or twenty colors, contributes ten fine historic engravings illustrating Hezekiah Butterworth's article, "Wonderful Centenarians of Old." Joseph Pennel, whose beautiful etchings of Venetian life [illegible] has made some twenty drawings of "Child Life in Venice" for the holiday issues, a striking contrast with Hy. Sandham's "Canadian Carnival" which was the attraction of the Christmas issue last year. W. T. Smedley, Harry Fenn, Garret, Hassam, Satterlee, Miss L. B. Humphrey, and Miss Northcott are also at work on the number.

[illegible] Scribner's for November [illegible], [illegible] Across the Continent, "Where are we, and where are we going," was a very good [illegible] [illegible] which Prof. [illegible] "Among the Alps" follows. The [illegible] [illegible] upon us in the next future, call for the [illegible]. The other articles in this number are: Woman as a [illegible] tor, by Judge Robert C. Pitman; Progress [illegible] Hobart Pasha, who believes the United States Government has been wise in not constructing a costly navy. Friendship in Ancient Poetry, by Principal J. C. Shairp. Herbert Spencer's Latest Critic, by Prof. E. L. Youmans; Over-Illustration, by Charles T. Congdon, and Restriction of the Suffrage, by William L. Scruggs. Published at New York.

Can a cough with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, be called bullying a cough?

Our Young Folks.

ANDY'S BRAVE DEED.

BY CHARLES REED.

"ARTHUR! Arthur!" Kitty called, as she ran down the garden path.

Her brother was lying under the beech-trees at the foot of the garden. A copy-book lay on the grass before him, in which he was writing with a pencil.

Arthur wrote poems, and histories, and tragedies, which he and his companions acted for the edification of their relations and friends. At this moment he was composing a story which he intended should be very thrilling. He has only got as far as the two first sentences.

"Charles was determined to have some adventures. So he went into a wood and met a tiger."

At this point he heard his sister calling to him.

"What is it, Kitty? I wish you wouldn't interrupt me just now. I'm very, very busy."

"Oh, Arthur, I wish you would come and see a little boy who's at the gate. He looks so hungry."

Arthur rose somewhat slowly, and went to the boy. Like all authors, he didn't much like being called away in the full swing of literary production. He proceeded to a little side gate which opened on to the highway and open fields beyond. Here Arthur found a boy about a year younger than himself, bareheaded and barefooted, without a coat, and with a very worn and ragged shirt and trousers. The little fellow looked both tired and hungry, and his wearied look would have touched harder hearts than those of Arthur and Kitty.

"Are you hungry?" Arthur asked.

"Yes, vera. I've no had onything sin' yesterday."

"I'm sure he's telling the truth. You have only to look at him," said Kitty, who now joined him.

"Well, we might get him something to eat, anyhow. You stay there, boy, till we come back."

Arthur and Kitty went into the house together, and presently returned with a very large slice of bread, a piece of cheese to correspond, and a bit of cold pudding, that would have alone satisfied the appetites of two ordinary boys, even though extraordinarily hungry. It was as much as the lad could do to hold them all, and he thanked his young benefactors more by looks than words.

On the following morning, shortly after breakfast, Arthur's mother said—

"I should like you to take something for me to Mrs. Stewart's to-day, Arthur. There are several things I should like to send her. I have a small cheese and a pot of currant jelly that can go. Then I want her to have one of those young Dorking hens your father got the other day. I'll give you a small basket for that."

Mrs. Stewart was a very old friend of the family, having been the nurse of Arthur and Kitty, and of their mother before them.

Arthur set out with his leather bag strapped across his back, and the basket containing a little Dorking hen in his hand. Presently he became aware how hot it was getting, and when he reached a small clump of trees near a hay-field he thought he would sit down and rest a while. He had been walking about an hour by this time. He thought he never recollected such a warm day. Arthur began to feel very sleepy. He rubbed his eyes to keep himself awake, but his head nodded more and more, and before he was well aware of it he was fast asleep, lying huddled together on the bank on which he had sat down.

Arthur must have been asleep nearly an hour, when he awoke with a sudden start. The sun was high up in the heavens, and he judged it to be near midday. He got upon his feet hurriedly and caught up his basket. It felt lighter, he thought, and hastily lifting the wicker lid he found that it was empty. The little Dorking hen was gone!

Astonishment was the first feeling in Arthur's mind, then perplexity and mortification.

What would his mother think of his carelessness and unbusinesslike qualities. It seemed he could not be trusted to execute this simplest message. What was he to do? He searched all the ground in the immediate neighborhood in the hope of discovering the little hen hidden behind some bush or clump of ferns. But she was nowhere to be seen, and he was in sore perplexity and chagrin.

Then he picked up his empty basket, and continued on his way.

There was nothing for it but to take the cheese and the pot of jelly to Mrs. Stewart, explain matters to her, and return another day with another hen, if his mother so decided, as it was probable she would. He walked on with a pretty downcast heart.

He was now ascending a hill, and when he reached the top an unexpected sight met his eyes. A crowd of people were gathered in the plain below. They made a large circle, and it was evident that the attention of everybody forming the circle was concentrated on what was going on within it. Flags were flying, and the strains of a military band floated up to Arthur, where he stood on the top of the hill. On the outskirts of the crowd a number of carriages and other vehicles were standing, filled with ladies and gentlemen.

Then Arthur recollected that this was the day of the Highland gathering of the county. A dance was going on as he approached, and four tall and stalwart Highlanders in complete national costumes, bonneted and kilted, were leaping and wheeling, cracking their fingers and uttering shrill cries as they danced with astonishing vigor and adroitness on a raised wooden platform.

But Arthur's attention had hardly been turned upon the dancers when it was diverted in another direction. What should he catch sight of, a good deal to his astonishment, but his little Dorking hen stepping quietly about among the people, unconcerned and unmoved by the stir and the bustle, paying heed to nobody, and no one giving heed to it.

At the moment Arthur caught sight of his truant hen, it was passing under a carriage, quietly pecking among the grass and ferns in its march.

So he approached and cautious bent down on his hands and knees to get at the hen. It was almost within his grasp when a sharp report rang through the air—a rifle-discharge, the signal for a foot-race to begin. The next moment he felt a heavy blow on his shoulder, which knocked him flat upon his back. A mist rose up before his eyes, in which the whole world around him seemed to float for a moment; then he felt himself being dragged suddenly and forcibly backward, and then he knew no more.

Arthur had gone off in a faint, but it only lasted a few moments. When he came to himself, he beheld a little crowd of people gathered round him, and a man was bending down and bathing his forehead with a wet handkerchief. Then he saw another figure stretched on the ground at his side, quite motionless and silent. It was the form of a boy; the face was turned upwards, and to his great astonishment Arthur found that it was the poor lad to whom he and his sister had given the food on the previous day.

"I saw the whole thing. It was all over in a twinkling," a gentleman was saying. "The boy was bending under the carriage reaching forwards to secure the bird. At that moment the gun went off, the horses started forward, and the wheel came against the boy, and knocked him backward. Just then this poor little fellow rushed forward right among the wheels of the carriage, caught the boy, and dragged him out, but not in time to save himself. The wheel passed over his leg, and I am afraid it is badly hurt."

By this time Arthur was on his feet.

"Oh! he is not dead, Dr. Bruce, is he?" he asked of the gentleman, who was busy examining the boy, and whom he knew quite well was the doctor of the district.

"No, not so bad as that, I hope; but a rather bad break, I am afraid. It was a close shave for you, laddie. But for this brave boy the carriage wheel would have passed right over you."

"What are you going to do with the poor boy, doctor? Do you know who he is, or anything about him?" a lady asked, whom Arthur recognised as Lady Elmslie.

"No, I never saw him before. But we must get him to Redloaning as quickly as possible, and have him taken to some cottage."

"See that he has everything that is necessary, doctor; and send up to Inverweir, if you can't get all you require in the village," Lady Elmslie said.

It was her horses that had started forward at the discharge of the gud, and had been the cause of the accident.

A man now stepped forward, and said, "Ye'll just let me carry the laddie to the village, doctor. I'll start the noo, and I'll carry him easier like than any kind o' trap, ye ken."

"A good idea, Stoddart. Lift him gently."

"I'll do that. He's a bit hero, puir laddie, an' we mauna let him dee for his brave deed."

Stoddard lifted the still unconscious boy in his strong arms like an infant, and starting off carried him in the direction of Redloaning.

"Take him to Mrs. Aikman's cottage, and I'll be there as soon as you," the doctor said. In a few minutes he mounted his horse and followed in the same direction.

Meanwhile Arthur stood by hearing all that was said with anxious interest. Though not much hurt, he was a good deal shaken, and was still trembling from head to foot.

"Are you sure you are not hurt too, Arthur Dalrymple?" Lady Elmslie asked, looking into the boy's white and startled face.

"Oh, no, I'm not hurt; but that poor boy, Lady Elmslie, will he be all right again soon?"

"I hope so. We will do all we can for him. Don't you know anything about him, either? But stop! Get up here beside me and I'll drive you home; and you can tell me all you know about it."

Arthur got into the carriage. He rapidly decided that he would return home at once, and give up all thoughts of going to Mrs. Stewart's to-day.

On the way home he told Lady Elmslie as briefly as possible all he knew about the little boy who had been the means of saving probably his life.

Lady Elmslie set Arthur down at the garden gate, but did not go with him into the house.

Then Arthur had to recount to his father, his mother, and Kitty all the morning adventures in detail, which he did in a somewhat excited manner.

"I shall walk over to Redloaning and see how the poor boy is doing this evening," Mr. Dalrymple said.

Mr. Dalrymple, much to his relief, found that the boy, his son's preserver, was progressing as favorably as the case permitted. The poor boy was manifestly suffering much pain, but he made no complaint or murmur. He was able to tell his simple story.

On the previous day when he had first seen Arthur and his sister, he had been on his way to Redloaning from the neighboring village of Westburn to see if he could get any kind of light employment in the former place.

His mother was dead, and his father had lately enlisted in the army, leaving his boy to his own fate and fortunes. He had succeeded in obtaining a situation in Redloaning as a message-boy, but the place would not be vacant for a few days.

So after passing a night in the village he was returning next day to Westburn, to remain there until he could enter upon his new duties.

He was attracted by the show and stir and bravery of the games, and, like Arthur lingered a while to watch the gay on-goings.

There he saw his young benefactor of the previous day before the latter saw him. The kindness and generosity of Arthur and his sister were yet fresh in his heart; the moment came when he saw an opportunity of repaying those kind offices, and I have tried to show you how he seized and used it.

Andy received the tenderest nursing, and more kindness and gentleness, probably, were compressed into the weeks he lay in bed than had fallen to his lot during the whole of his previous life.

"Arthur," Kitty said, on the first day that her brother and she saw Andy, "hasn't it all been strange about Andy and you?" Then a funny little smile came into her eyes, and she added, "You see, Arthur, 'Charles was determined to have some adventures,' as you wrote, but it was you who got them. By-the-bye, you never told us what became of the little hen."

"I can't tell you. I never saw it again. I don't think it was hurt by the carriage, and it may be wandering about the hill-side still, and perhaps it may wander back home again."

Andy's progress towards complete recovery from his hurt was slow and at times painful. But at last he did get well and strong again.

When he was quite able for work, instead of taking the situation at Redloaning, which had been long since filled up, he went into Mrs. Dalrymple's service as assistant to the gardeners at Fircroft, a post he was still filling with much success and credit when I last heard of him.

THE PHANTOM PILOT.

BY F. C. B.

THERE used to be an excellent pilot on the river, a Mr. X., who was a somnambulist. It was said that if his mind was troubled about a bad piece of river, he was pretty sure to get up and walk in his sleep, and do strange things.

He was once fellow-pilot for a trip or two with George Ealer, on a great New Orleans passenger packet.

During a considerable part of the first trip George was uneasy, but got over it by-and-by, as X. seemed content to stay in bed when asleep.

Late one night the boat was approaching Helena, Arkansas; the water was low, and the crossing above the town in a very blind and tangled condition.

X. had seen the crossing since Ealer had, and as the night was particularly drizzly, sullen and dark, Ealer was considering whether he had better not have X. called to assist in running the place, when the door opened and X. walked in.

Now, on very dark nights, light is a deadly enemy to piloting. You are aware that if you stand in a lighted room on such a night you cannot see things in the street to any purpose; but if you put out the lights and stand in the gloom, you can make out objects in the street pretty well. So on very dark nights pilots do not smoke; they allow no fire in the pilot-house stove if there is a crack to allow the least ray to escape; they order the furnaces to be curtained with huge tarpaulins, and the skylights to be closely blinded. Then no light whatever issues from the boat. The undefinable shape that now entered the pilot-house had Mr. X.'s voice.

This said—"Let me take her, George; I've seen this place since you have, and it is so crooked that I reckon I can run it myself easier than I could tell you how to do it."

"It is very kind of you, and I swear I am willing. I haven't got another drop of perspiration left in me. I have been spinning around and around the wheel like a squirrel. It is so dark I can't tell which way she is swinging till she is coming around like a whirligig."

So Ealer took a seat on the bench, panting and breathless.

The black phantom assumed the wheel without saying anything, steadied the waltzing steamer with a turn or two, and then stood at ease, coaxing her a little to this side and to that as gently and sweetly as if the time had been noonday.

When Ealer observed this marvel of steering he wished he had not confessed. He stared, and wondered, and finally said—"Well, I thought I knew how to steer a steamboat, but that was another mistake of mine."

X. said nothing, but went serenely on with his work. He rang for the leads, he rang to slow down the steam, he worked the boat carefully and neatly into invisible marks, then stood at the centre of the wheel, and peered blandly out into the blackness, fore and aft, to verify his position; as the leads shoaled more and more, he stopped the engines entirely, and the dead silence and suspense of "drifting" followed; when the shoalest water was struck, he cracked on the steam, carried her handsomely over, and then began to work her warily into the next system of shoal marks.

The same patient, heedful use of leads and engines followed, the boat slipped through without touching bottom, and entered upon the third and last intricacy of the crossing.

Imperceptibly she moved through the gloom, crept by inches into her marks, drifted tediously till the shoalest water was cried, and then, under a tremendous head of steam, went swinging over the shoal and away into deep water and safety.

Ealer let his long-pent breath pour out in a great relieving sigh, and said—

"That was the sweetest piece of piloting that was ever done on the Mississippi River! I wouldn't have believed it could be done, if I had not seen it."

There was no reply, and he added—

"Just hold her five minutes longer, partner, and let me run down and get a cup of coffee."

A minute later Ealer was biting into a pie down in the "texas," and comforting himself with coffee.

Just then the night watchman happened in, and was about to happen out again when he noticed Ealer, and exclaimed—

"Who is at the wheel, sir?"

"X."

"Dart for the pilot-house quicker than lightning!"

The next moment both men were flying up the pilot-house companion way three steps at a jump.

Nobody there.

The great steamer was whistling down the river at her own sweet will.

The watchman shot out of the place again, Ealer seized the wheel, set an engine back with power, and held his breath while she reluctantly swung away from a "towhead" which she was about to knock into the middle of the Gulf of Mexico.

By-and-by the watchman came back and said—

"Didn't that lunatic tell you he was asleep when he first came up here?"

"No."

"Well, he was. I found him walking along on top of the railings just as unconcerned as another man would walk a pavement, and I put him to bed."

THE KING AND THE THIEF.—There is a fable among the Hindoos that a thief, having been detected and condemned to die, sent for his jailor and told him he had a secret of great importance which he desired to impart to the king, and when that had been done he would be prepared to meet his doom.

Upon receiving this intelligence the king ordered the culprit to be conducted to his presence.

The thief explained that he knew the secret of causing trees to grow which would bear fruit of pure gold.

The experiment might be easily tried, and his majesty would not lose the opportunity to, accompanied by his Prime Minister, his courtiers, and his chief priest, he went with the thief to a spot selected near the city hall, where the latter performed a series of solemn incantations.

This done, the condemned man produced a piece of gold, and declared that if it should be planted it would produce a tree, every branch of which would bear gold.

"But," he added, "this must be put into the ground by a hand that has never been stained by a dishonest act. My hand is not clean, therefore I pass it to your majesty."

The king took the piece of gold, but hesitated. Finally, he said, "I remember in my younger days that I have filched money from my father's treasury which was not mine. I have repented of the sin, but yet I can hardly say my hand is clean. I pass it, therefore, to my Prime Minister."

The latter, after a brief consultation, answered:

"It were pity to break the charm through a possible blunder. I receive taxes from the people, and, as I am exposed to many temptations, how can I be sure that I have been perfectly honest? I must give it to the governor of our citadel."

"No, no!" cried the governor, drawing back. "Remember that I have the serving out of pay and provisions to the soldiers. Let the High Priest plant it."

And the High Priest said:

"You forget that I have the collecting of the tithes and the disbursements of sacrifice."

At length the thief exclaimed:

"Your Majesty, I think it would be better for society that all five of us should be hanged, since it appears that not an honest man can be found among us."

In spite of the lamentable exposure, the king laughed, and was so pleased with the thief's cunning expedient that he pardoned him.

Going out to hunt in the forest one day late last autumn, the Empress of Austria saw an old, half crippled woman tottering on the very brink of a high, steep river bank. Springing from her horse she ran and caught the poor creature, just in time to save her life, and then discovered that the old woman was blind, and that the child who was acting as her guide had lagged behind. The Empress waited till the truant came up and administered a severe rebuke for its carelessness, gave the old woman a purse full of gold, and then remounted her coal, smoke in the chase.

BRASS-WORK.—Brass-work can be polished by rubbing the metal with finely powdered tripoli mixed with linseed-oil and applied with a rubber made from a piece of an old hat or felt; or a mixture of glycerine, stearine, naphthaline, or creosote mixed with dilute sulphuric acid, can be used.

SUNBEAM AND SHADOW.

BY E. VON GILSA.

We shrink from little sorrows,
By our own weak hearts dismayed,
Hearken to the lesson taught us
By the Sunbeam and the Shade.

Came a sunbeam bright and golden
To the earth one summer's day;
Bud and bird awoke rejoicing,
Basking in its living ray.

But where'er the sunbeam traveled,
Over village, hill, or dell,
With a sad yet gracious presence
Its attendant shadow fell.

Loud the people cried: "Oh, Sunbeam,
Dear art thou to old and young;
But we will not have the shadow
O'er thy radiant pathway flung."

Silently the shadow glided
From the bridge, from roof and stone,
But a glory left the heaven,
For the sunbeam too was gone.

Then they cried, "Come back, oh Sunbeam,
Cheer once more our longing sight;
Better 'twere to keep the shadow,
Than to lose thy living light."

And the sun made answer truly:
"Be it known to one and all,
Wheresoe'er the sunbeam lighteth
Must the shadow likewise fall?"

SURGICAL SCRAPS.

THERE is a curious instrument in the armamentarium of the surgeon called a probang, employed for removing foreign bodies which have become fixed in the esophagus or gullet.

It consists of a flexible stem, at one end of which is an arrangement of catgut fibres, and at the other end a small handle. By moving the handle slightly, these threads of catgut—which are stretched all round and parallel to the stem at its lower end—can be bent outwards in a radiating manner, which gives the instrument the appearance of a chimney-sweep's broom in miniature.

When a person is so unfortunate as to get a piece of bone stuck in his throat beyond the reach of the surgeon's hand, the probang is sometimes found very useful. It can be passed down the gullet, in a closed condition, beyond the obstruction, then opened somewhat like an umbrella, and drawn upwards, carrying with it—if all goes well—the foreign body.

The passing of such an instrument is far from being pleasant to the patient; but if it be done with ordinary care and judgment, it will not be attended with any harm.

Every one who has known the misery attendant upon getting a good-sized piece of bone impacted in the food-passage, will understand that when the operation has proved successful, the patient is likely to consider the pleasure of seeing the offending fragment caught in the meshes of the probang cheaply purchased by the discomfort attendant upon the passage of the instrument.

Another instrument employed for passing down the esophagus is used for a different purpose. When the gullet has been severely burned internally—as, for instance, from the accidental swallowing of corrosive acids—after the ulcer produced has healed, there is a great tendency to contraction in the scar, and consequent stricture of the esophagus.

This may threaten life, by tending to close the passage altogether. To prevent this, instruments called bougies are passed through the constriction from time to time. These bougies are simply firm, smooth, slightly flexible rods with rounded ends, and are of various sizes.

An instance of the passing of these instruments being turned to account in a very curious way, occurred some years ago in one of the hospitals. A patient was suffering from stricture of the esophagus, brought about in the manner above described; and the tendency to contraction was in this case so great, that it was only by the frequent passing of instruments that it could be prevented from becoming to the last degree dangerous.

Now, it was impossible that the man could remain in the hospital permanently; it was therefore decided to teach him to pass the instrument for himself.

He proved capable of this, after a certain amount of instruction; and it then occurred to some one about the hospital that the daily performance of this operation might be made the means by which the man could earn a livelihood.

Accordingly, the patient was advised to get a bougie made as much as possible to resemble a sword. This he did; and for a long time afterwards was to be seen about the streets making money by what looked like the swallowing of a sword.

In his case there was really "no deception" as far as the passing of a long instrument down towards his stomach was concerned, the only deception being that the instrument was not the weapon it represented.

His daily street performance thus served him in two ways—it supplied him with food, and kept open the passage by which that food could be conveyed to his "inner man."

The contraction about which we have spoken as taking place in scars formed after burns of the gullet, and which is so dangerous there, also occurs in burns on the surface of the body, and also leads to a good deal of deformity.

Burns, indeed, are a great source of trouble to the surgeon in many ways. For instance, if a burn is very extensive, there may be great difficulty in getting a cicatrice to form over the whole of it.

Cicatrisation only begins in the immediate neighborhood of living epidermis, and therefore a burn or ulcer must heal from the circumference to the centre. This difficulty has often been met by a small operation called skin-grafting.

A piece of sound skin about the size of a pea is pinched up—say, on the outside of the arm—and the epidermis snipped off with a pair of curved scissors, the scissors just going deep enough to cut slightly into the second layer of the skin and draw a little blood.

A special kind of scissors has been invented for the purpose, that will only take up just the right amount of skin, so that the operation is thus made even simpler still; and if skilfully performed, it causes only trifling pain.

The little fragment of skin thus separated is then placed gently, with its raw surface downwards, on the unhealed surface of the burn. The same thing is repeated again and again, till there are many grafts, if the burn is a large one.

Isinglass plaster, or some other similar material, is employed to keep the grafts in position and preserve them from injury. In about four days they should have taken root, and then the covering can be removed

Grains of Gold.

Flowers are the pledges of fruit.

A bad custom ought to be broken.

A little leak will sink a great ship.

Custom is a most powerful master.

A man can do no more than he can.

Charity is the first-born of religion.

A little more breaks the horse's back.

A man apt to promise, is apt to forget.

True refinement unites strength with purity.

A day to come shows longer than a year that's gone.

No man envies the merit of another who has enough of his own.

When you come into the house, do you bring sunshine with you?

A man as he manages himself may die old at thirty, or young at eighty.

If the end and aim of life is to please, it must be at the expense of truth.

To see the hand of God in the present, and to trust it in the future, is the secret of peace.

The capacity for truly estimating things is the beginning of wisdom, the source of kindness.

Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice—it is only a postponement.

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

It is with flowers as with moral qualities; the bright are sometimes poisonous, but we believe never the sweet.

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial; it appears in clear weather, but vanishes as soon as a cloud approaches.

The life of man consists not in seeing visions and in dreaming dreams, but in active charity and willing service.

We are linked both to the past and the future, and our duty to the former, well fulfilled, will best fit us to discharge our duty to the latter.

Do not despise the opinion of the world; you might as well say you do not care for the light of the sun because you can use a candle.

By acknowledging and emphasizing the good that is in those around us, we strengthen their self-respect and give them a powerful motive in the right direction.

Many persons seem to imagine that they are always in an amphitheatre, with the assembled world as spectators, whereas, all the while, they are playing to empty benches.

Femininities.

A lass that has many wooers oft fares the worst.

Silks and satins put out the fire in the kitchen.

When the Vassar girls want to swear, they say "buy gum!"

Girls look upon the engagement ring as a very promising affair.

Good housekeeping lies at the root of all the real ease and satisfaction in existence.

Some of our new mourning bonnets are so small that only the smallest kind of grief can have any show on them.

"Yes," said a henpecked husband, "there truly is no place like home, and that's why I keep away from it so much."

Four sisters named Carr were married at Joliet, recently, by a clergyman who desires to be called a patent Carr coupler.

Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.

First wretch: "How's your wife, old man?" Second wretch. "Splendid—bad cold—can't speak above a whisper."

When a young man is fingering the cash left him by his grandfather, can it be said that he is reveling in his ancestral hash?

"Ah," yawned a bachelor, "this world is but a gloomy prison." "To those in solitary confinement," added a witty young lady.

Mamma: "Which would you rather have, a little baby brother or a little baby sister, Tommy?" Tommy: "I'd rather have a drum."

A correspondent wants to know why some women are called Amazons. Perhaps it is because they are uncommonly wide at the mouth.

What a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of yours.

"You wouldn't take me for twenty, would you?" said a young lady, who looked much older, to an old bachelor. "Take you for twenty!" he cried; "yes, for life!"

"Do you believe in cremation?" asked a dude of Miss Dudine. "Yas, my deah. Ice cremation." Poor dude clapped his hand on his empty pocket and fainted.

A middle-aged German in search of his wife, who, he said, had eloped with the "man in the moon," was put under restraint at Castle Garden, New York, recently.

"She makes all the conquests she desires," said a gentleman, of a certain belle, to a lady. "True," was the sharp response, "but she'd give all her slaves for one master."

A prize puzzle: What is it that when thou hast little thou canst distribute among many; if thou hast very much of it, it is hardly sufficient for one? The woman answers—love.

Hu Ging Eng, a Chinese girl, eighteen years old, comes to this country to obtain a medical education, that she may take charge of a hospital on her return to her native place.

Charles Lamb said of a clumsy girl who was always running against things and breaking them, "I believe that girl would break the Bank of England if she should run against it."

"Where our Storms Come From," read Mr. Broughne, in a scientific paper. "Well, I know where a great many of them come from," he mentally ejaculated, looking up and glancing slyly at his wife.

"What a lovely little snowdrop that is!" said a friend to a wag, as a blonde beauty, with flowing tresses, passed them in the park. "A snowdrop, eh? I should say she was a hair belle," remarked the wag.

A home for poor working girls has just been erected in Baltimore, at a cost of $25,000. It will accommodate one hundred worthy and needy girls, and is under the supervision of the Catholic denomination.

A San Francisco girl's claim to distinction rests upon the fact that, at a church fair, she stood on her head in the guise of a gypsy boy acrobat. She had a tent to herself, and each spectator had to pay $1.

The growth of grace is like the polishing of metals. There is first an opaque surface; by and by you see a spark darting out; then a strong light; till at length it sends back a perfect image of the sun that shines upon it.

A young fellow who was courting was at last permitted by his lady love to kiss her. In telling a friend of the ecstacies of the blissful moment, his friend asked him how he felt. "Just as if I was a mile and a half beyond heaven."

The latest thing in stockings does away with garters or supporters from above. The hosiery is kept in its place by lacing from under the knee to the upper portion of the calf. Thus the circulation of the blood in the limbs is not impaired.

Young Hopesby says the worst trait possessed by his wife's father is his proneness to misconstrue plain, practical questions. When he asked the old man for his daughter's hand, the father gave him his foot. Such a weakness in a father is enough to discourage the most persistent and passionate of lovers.

A young lady, who has enjoyed every kind of love, gives the following as the result of her experience: The sweetest love is a mother's love; the longest, a brother's love; the strongest, a woman's love; the dearest, a man's love; and the sweetest, longest, strongest, dearest love, is the "love of a bonnet."

Baltimore society is just now suffering from an exact reversal of the state of things in Boston. In the "Hub" there are several thousand more women than men, while in the city of beautiful women those same fair ones are a scarce article, and the young men are obliged to fly to the clubs during their leisure hours.

News Notes.

London police may now carry revolvers at night.

Bat-shooting is a favorite sport at Montgomery, Ala.

Nutting parties are all the rage in Western New York.

Five inches of snow fell in Sierra City, Cal., last week.

It is stated that some genius has invented a noiseless violin.

There are three Michael Angelos in Florence. Two are in jail.

The number of Quakers in the United States is put down at 120,000.

Vermont school teachers are prohibited by law from the use of tobacco.

Vermont is agitated over increasing the salary of the Governor to $2,000.

A Georgetown, Ky., duck has three legs and three feet, all fully developed.

The average salary of all the college professors in the United States is $1,500.

A New minister, on a recent Sabbath, preached on "How to Become an Angel."

Thirty thousand yards of carpeting have been laid in the Murray Hill Hotel, New York.

The English are introducing an admirable system of penny dinners for school children.

A Montana miner fell down an 180-feet shaft a couple of weeks ago, and was not killed by the fall.

A man in Texas, 96 years old, has just died from the anguish caused by cutting a third set of teeth.

A rural obituary relates that "the deceased had accumulated a little money and ten children."

A bill has been introduced in the Vermont Legislature prohibiting the erection of barbed wire fences.

Eighty per cent. of the aspirants for stage honors in the New York school are females. Average age, 20.

A citizen of Columbus, Ohio, is said to have had 30 men fined for using profane language on the streets.

During the year 1888 London had 974 hours of sunshine out of a possible 4,464, an average of 2.40 per day.

A citizen of Albany, N.Y., was rendered temporarily blind and helpless a few days ago by the stings of a hornet.

The average size of families in the United States in 1880 was 5.04. Since then it has gradually decreased to 5.04 in 1880.

Only seven Jews have been taken with the cholera in France. The Jewish diet is one of the healthiest in the world.

No less than 61 manufactories of playing cards are located in the German Empire, seventeen of which are in Saxony.

About 100 Christian Chinese women have been married to Christian Chinese in the mission chapel at San Francisco.

Instead of moving on May 1, as in New York, Boston people have selected the 1st of October for that disagreeable task.

The exhibition of historic relics of their line of business is becoming a popular mode of advertising among London storekeepers.

Oak pillars are better support for a building in case of fire than those of iron. The latter are liable to warp from the effect of the heat.

The city of Kalamazoo, Mich., is said to have derived its name from from Ke Kan Amazoo, signifying in the Indian tongue "A boiling pot."

Another step in the direction of cheap fares has been taken by the New York elevated roads reducing their rates to five cents for Sunday travel.

A 18-year old girl, who is perfect in other ways, but who has simply little blue spots where her eyes ought to be, is said to be living at Amherst, Wisconsin.

A reward was lately offered in New York for the recovery of an account book written in Hebrew, showing that the language is not as dead as it is painted.

In New York, during the last two weeks of September, one hospital alone treated no less than 485 patients suffering from alcoholism, ten cases of which proved fatal.

A burglar was shot early last month, while plying his trade at Portland, Oregon; and to this piece of bad luck the courts have since added nine years' imprisonment.

The Field Marshal of Dahomey has been tried for high treason, and sentenced to be "buried chest deep in the earth and then shot at by the Amazons until he is dead."

A pumpkin was thrown playfully by a 10-year-old girl at her little brother the other day in Milwaukee, and it struck him in the stomach, causing his death in a few hours.

Seven thousand dollars' worth of fine cows have been killed in one county in Ohio by being fed on dry sorghum leaves. They had every symptom of mineral poisoning.

An attorney at Pendleton, Oregon, will be a witness against his own clients, three horse thieves, whom he ascertained in the examination had stolen four of his own horses.

A bill has been introduced in the Vermont Legislature to provide a bounty on grasshoppers, the amount of bounty varying at different seasons from 50 cents to $1.50 a bushel.

A citizen of Troy is said to have recently papered the stalls in his stable with paper that cost him $20,000. Part of the covering consisted of bonds of a defunct steam-heating company, and the balance was bonds of other "busted bubbles."

An Envious Woman.

BY P. C. B.

IN the town of Winchester two little girls were born on the same hour of the same day.

They were severally christened Rose and Euphemia at the same font, and uttered their infant wails in unison during the important ceremony.

They played in the adjoining gardens on the same pleasant summer afternoons as they grew older.

They went to the same school at the same time, were confirmed on the same day, and, finally, married in the same church, at the same hour, by the same clergyman. They were inseparable.

Phemie vowed to love Rose next to William, and Rose vowed to love Phemie better than anyone but Edward.

They were young, very pretty, and very happy, a pleasant sight to all eyes but those of a certain Miss Merrivale, who, having failed to succeed therein, hated all girls who married for love, and more especially when they also happened to marry rich men.

In this case, having angled in vain for Edward Granger, his house, lands, carriage and servants, and all the worldly goods with which he would endow a wife, she had seen him throw himself away on little Rose Gay, who had refused him three times.

She had also done all that in her lay to secure the affections of William Millet, who, if not as rich as Granger, was what she called a catch, and had the misery of seeing Phemie Moore quietly walk away with him—a chit of a thing, as Miss Merrivale said, with no style about her.

And they would ride in their carriages, and wear velvets and diamonds, while for her nothing seemed left but a little stationer, half a head shorter than herself, who was the only man who had proposed.

The little money she had lived on was nearly gone.

She was not so young as she was.

Perpetual forced smiles had creased wrinkles into her face.

She was tired of angling without any nibble worth having.

In fact, Miss Merrivale felt that it was time to take thought for the future, and do the best she could for herself and like most women who have failed in matrimonial ventures, had resolved to marry if only to show that she could.

And Timothy had actually made an offer. No wonder that she hated the brides.

But it was not quite necessary in that case to "my love" and "my dear" them quite so much, or to kiss them quite so often, and she certainly kissed Mrs. Granger oftener than she kissed Mrs. Millet, though she hated her the most.

"You dear little thing!" said Miss Merrivale, pecking Mrs. Granger's cheek. "Now I do like to see you all in white. I said so to Mrs. Millet (fib the first) and asked her why she did not wear it, and she said she thought it was so affected for a bride to go about in white—almost indelicate."

"Dear me," cried Mrs. Granger. "Phemie might have said that to me instead of behind my back. Such old friends as we are."

"Yes," said Miss Merrivale. "Yes; and I was amused at another remark she made, though I think I'd best not mention it."

"I want to hear it," said Rose, pouting. "I suppose marriage has changed Phemie, or she'd never say hateful things about me."

"It generally does change people sadly," said Miss Merrivale, with a deep sigh. "I refused several gentlemen because of that very thought. What if it should change me to my dear, dear friends? And though I know someone perfectly insane about me, I keep putting him off. But dear Mrs. Granger, I can't tell you this. I declare it's too bad."

"You must," said Rose, her eyes sparkling.

"Well," said Miss Merrivale, "just to show you how deceitful the world is, she said that she hoped no one ever said that she worked as hard to catch her husband as you did to catch yours."

"Phemie said that," cried Rose, "when she knows what a fib it is. To be sure, I didn't refuse him half a dozen times. Mr. Granger wouldn't have borne such treatment, and I don't believe Phemie refused Mr. Millet in a way to make him think she meant it. Some refusals only lead a man on. I try to catch a husband! Well, I declare!"

Then Rose, with her eyes full of tears, left the room, and Miss Merrivale waited for her other dear friend, Mrs. Millet.

She came at last.

"Has Rose come yet?" she asked, eagerly, as Miss Merrivale helped her off with her cloak.

"Yes, love, she has," said Miss Merrivale; "and she's been saying such odd things. You have quarrelled, haven't you?"

"No," said little Mrs. Millet. "Rose and I quarrel? I don't think we could."

"She's in a dreadful temper," said Miss Merrivale, "and such things as she said—quite abusive!—that—but there, I mustn't make mischief."

"Oh, I want to know what it is," said Phemie. "I don't believe Rose could abuse me. Perhaps I've hurt her by not calling this week."

"Well," said Miss Merrivale, "she said marriage had changed you dreadfully, and that you were spiteful, and said things behind people's backs you dared not say to their faces; and—I hate to tell but it made my blood boil—that she was glad she never tried to lead a man on, as you did your husband. I couldn't help crying out—oh what a shame?"

"Why I refused dear Ned three times, before I accepted him," cried Phemie. "I did, indeed; she knows it."

"She says you boast of it, but she don't believe it," said Miss Merrivale.

"I've done with Rose Granger," said Phemie. "Whom can you trust? Oh, it's dreadful!"

"Indeed it is, dear; but only what you must except in this world," sighed Miss Merrivale.

That evening the two brides did not speak to each other. That night each husband heard the story.

The Grangers thenceforth cut the Millets—the Millets the Grangers.

All the old school-girl vows were forgotten, and Miss Merrivale rejoiced in her contemptible bit of revenge.

She married the small stationer, and even waited on Mrs. Granger and Mrs. Millet from behind the counter.

But she was glad to see the ladies turn their backs on each other when they met in the shop, and whenever she desired to give one of those pleasant digs so delightful to a spiteful woman, to either of the now separated friends, she did it under the guise of repeating an observation made by the other.

So the feud grew and strengthened, until the two women hated each other as only those who have once been friends can hate.

Meanwhile, the years flew by, and changed the girls to plump and substantial matrons.

Each had been blessed with children, their eldest hopes both boys.

Pretty little fellows, one ten years of age, the other eleven, who were forbidden, under penalty of maternal displeasure and paternal correction, to speak to, play, or even look at each other.

But little Ned Granger and little William Millet could scarcely help meeting, more especially when in winter time the skating pond tempted every boy in Winchester to its polished surface.

On those cold days, when the ice was at its best, they, muffled in furs, often joined in the same little group, or went down the pond hand in hand.

Often and often, in after days, the poor mothers vainly wished that, whatever else they had permitted, they had forbidden this, for one day, when the pond bore a less solid covering of ice than usual, these children, their hands meeting in a forbidden clasp, flew gaily over the surface towards the little spot where the water-lilies hid themselves.

They never returned.

When their long absence aroused alarm, and search was made, the ice was found broken, and there, amidst the long, frozen stems of last year's water-lilies, were found the two poor children, quite dead, their frozen hands still linked together as they had gone down.

Strangers forced their hands apart, but not before the mothers had seen them so clasped.

It was a sight never to be forgotten.

There was grief in the two households, and the children lay in their little graves, not far from each other, in the quiet cemetery.

And here, in the twilight of a spring day, Mrs. Granger went to weep over the sod that had begun to grow green above her boy.

Long she sat, silently dropping her tears upon it, when the slow rustle of a woman's trailing dress fell on her ear.

She looked up.

A lady clad in such black garments as she wore herself, had passed her, and fallen on her knees beside another little grave not very far away.

It was Mrs. Millet.

Rose's little Willie lay here; Phemie's little Eddie rested there.

As they were brides together, married in the same church, so they were mourning mothers weeping over the graves of their first-born side by side, and a stranger into had united their children in their dying moments.

Rose felt borne away by a power over which she had no control.

She rose and walked slowly to Phemie's side.

"Phemie," she said, "Eddie died with Willie's hand in his; won't you give me yours once again?"

And Phemie rose and advanced a step. The next moment, the women were in each other's arms.

Thenceforth they were always the best of friends.

Afterwards, when time had softened their grief, they spoke of the past, and Miss Merrivale's treachery was made manifest, and all was explained.

The stationer's wife knew that it was so, and ground her teeth as her lost customers passed by together.

But she could do nothing.

Beside their children's graves the bereaved mothers had set the seal of forgiveness upon the quarrel of an envious woman's making.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transfered from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

A MIXED QUESTION.

The living know they surely live to die,
And we may wonder who'll be left alone
In this wide world, in solitude to sigh,
When nearly all the human race are gone.

The dyers dye to live, and live to die,
The maker of our soles sticks to the last,
But at the last his inner soul must fly
Where it ne'er wears, but stays forever fast.

That they'll be last to whom death bringeth gain,
May we not safely say without misgiving?
For by the living dieing, it is plain
The undertakers surely get their living.

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

Switch-tenders—Ladies' maids.

Spring goods—Mineral waters.

To make a tall man short—Rob him of his purse.

A whisky straight has been defined as an unmixed evil.

Excuse of the girl who eloped with her coachman—"I was driven to it."

In selecting a wife, eschew the foreign-finished article. Choose a home maid.

A good constitution is like a money box. Its value is never known till it is broken.

The hay fever sufferer is a devout individual, because he is continually on his sneeze.

Changes in Trade.

Thoughtful men cannot fail to observe how trade develops and changes into new forces and channels. The tendency is constantly to buy and sell the perfected article rather than the crude material. Less of cotton and wool, but more of cotton and woollen goods. Less of crude iron and steel, but more of hardware, hinges, screws, chains, axes, shovels and machinery. Less of opium, rhubarb and bark, but more of the perfected article in the form of chemicals, pills and prescriptions. A little while ago the carpenter, the weaver, and smith worked up everything from the raw material. Now they only put together or fit in places what others, by the aid of machinery and concentrated capital and skill have perfected. The smith, the carpenter, the weaver, the pharmaceutist, could not do alone, nor half so cheaply or as well, that which is done for him by aggregated capital. Formerly the doctor made up his own prescriptions, or sent them to the druggist; now he mostly dispenses the prepared formula bought in the usual channels of trade, or administers some well-known specific. The most valuable medical prescriptions do not die with their authors, but become popular medicines, and pass into the regular channels of trade, and are so displacing the more rough and crude products of the individual practitioner. Thus the Humphreys' Homeopathic Specifics, filling so large a range of curative value, have obtained so wide a reputation and general use. Such preparations are only produced by combined capital and skill—far beyond the command of the ordinary trader.—Exchange.

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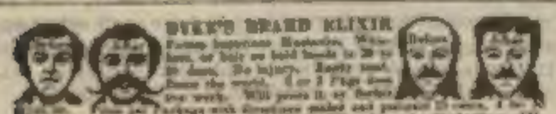

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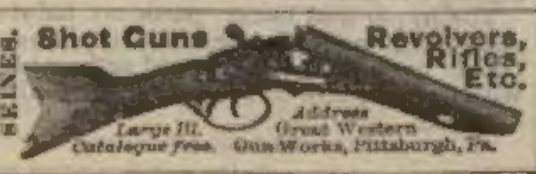

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE newest and most popular silks for winter wear are in the style called in Paris "ameublement," by which is understood those hitherto used for upholstery purposes.

There is a dash of the Louis XVI. character about them, and there is a decided partiality for wide stripes, either in two materials, such as silk and velvet, or in two colors (called Pekins), and these are sometimes studded with flowers to break the monotony of the lines, and sometimes they are plain.

Broche velvets of thick substance and in which the designs are frise; soft corded silks, such as the rich-looking Bengalines, and plain velvet of many qualities make up the leading features in silks.

The designs are spears' heads, trefoils, roses, fishes' scales, pilgrims' shells, leaves of the chestnut tree, spots and flowerets, and the designs are mostly in relief, for both in embroidery and silks the patterns appear as though they were padded.

All figured and striped materials are to be made up with plain tissues, and velvet forms an important addition both on cashmere and serge gowns, being used for bands, tucks, cuffs, collar, and panels.

The most costly trimmings are prepared for plain materials—gold cloth and gold embroidery with chenille intermixed, fine jetted gimp balls, cloth bands with chenille and gold threads introduced, braids interwoven with gold, silver, and steel, and mohair guipure, in all colors, worked with metallic threads.

In broche fabrics, the favorite color will be heliotrope, both in dark and light shades, also old-gold; but in plain materials green, in every variety of shade, will take the lead, from dark moss-green, to the tender hue of the growing leaf.

Plain materials, whether silk or woollen, are supple, and there is a tendency to simply arranged skirts, especially in rich fabrics.

Still, there must be a foundation of either silk, alpaca, or cotton twill, as it serves for the introduction of steel springs, which would be unsightly in skirts over which no drapery fell, consequently the foundation is edged with narrow kiltings, and the skirt proper is mounted upon it.

The leading houses have already prepared some elegant toilettes for the forthcoming season.

As, for example, a Medicis robe for carriage wear and afternoon calls is of a dark blue velvet, trimmed with silver fox, the fur forming a large collar and revers, and also a band down the front, narrow at the waist, increasing as it descends, and bordering the skirt; the tunic is gathered on the hips so as to give the Medicis style, and there is a puffed plastron of turquoise ottoman.

A dinner toilette, made as a Princesse tunic, is of copper-brown brocade on garnet velvet, the bodice fastened with chenille brandebourgs; high Louis XV. collar; skirt of garnet velvet, cut in battlements that fall over fan-shaped plaitings of brocade.

An evening toilette is in three shades of moss-green: a tulle skirt beaded in relief; a plush revers commencing on the bodice, and a faille bodice with plush and tulle sleeves.

They use for rich dresses French faille, soft thick repped silks, embossed plush (a superb material with the flowers in relief), frise velvet with plush flowers in a contrasting shade, Bengaline of the improved make, soft and strong; splendid velvets laminated with gold, steel, and silver, and some studded with dragon-flies, having gold and turquoise wings, on a seal-brown ground.

In woollen materials the selection will lie between vigognes bouclees and serges striped with steel threads scarcely visible, yet soft in effect; in pale blue grey this serge will be much in vogue.

For trimming there is cream lace in breadths, a sort of guipure with small medallions in fine Mechlin; bands of chenille passementerie studded with balls of silk-like oranges, and these for the edge of skirts; a new variety of rich guipure made of coarse woollen braid, and called "dentelle de Karthoum," and which will border skirts, and be used as revers, plastron, cuffs, &c.; and, lastly, there is the colored worsted guipure now produced in all shades, and which already trims woollen materials of the same color; but of course this last is for more ordinary dresses.

Bonnets are in plain velvet with ottoman strings of contrasting color. The principal shapes are the Calache de Merveilleux, the capote, the tall hat with narrow brim and square crown.

The trimming are colored embroideries on velvet for capotes, small stags' heads, birds of two colors for hats, and masses of curled feathers.

The colors in vogue are "Bacchante," a soft violet shade; "ashes of roses," and greens in all tints from light to dark; also coleus, a brown that is almost red.

Green and coleus harmonise well, the shade is so called after the plant of that name. Mousse, an olive shade of green, is in high favor, likewise brown, that shades off to beige color.

The variety of materials in millinery seems to increase daily. Some of the leading milliners are showing bonnets covered with woollen crotchet in poppy red, myrtle green and black; they are trimmed with feathers and birds, and the strings are woollen velvet, "velours de laine," with satin back.

Some high hats of the Tyrolean form have wire frames covered with a material that has the effect of carpet in subdued coloring; then a quantity of worsted lace, like the Yak of yore, is used in trimming bonnets. Some ladies are hand-painting their felt bonnets in floral designs.

For the present, felt hats and bonnets are in vogue; but there is no doubt that later on gold and colored embroidery will be general on velvet bonnets.

Small felt muffs ornamented with tiny birds match the bonnet worn instead of the costume, as in former years.

Never has yachting been so popular as during the past season.

For these occasions ladies have adopted white flannel costumes, with jersey bodices, trimmed with braid, and decorated with an anchor; while others have preferred a more personal decoration, and have had their coat of arms embroidered on their jerseys and on the ribbons of their sailor hats.

A new travelling costume has appeared under the name of "Gris pigeon voyageur." The skirt is mohair, and it is tucked; the jersey bodice is braided and fastened with small steel buttons; the sailor collar and plastron are blue or cardinal, according as the wearer is brun or blonde.

The dust cloak is of the same material, made with Bernhardt sleeves, prettily draped at the back, and lined with checked silk.

The grey felt hat has a carrier pigeon in front, with a small ivory note addressed in fancy lettering, and bearing a monogram in the corner tied to its neck; gauntlet gloves.

Winter mantles are ready; but not even mantelets are wanted during the present brilliant weather.

The first wraps required will be tailor-made jackets, either made of the same cloth as the dress, or separate jackets to wear with any dress.

The latter will be made of Montagnac cloth, a frise woollen, so fine that it seems of silken texture.

They are lined with silk or satin, and have no trimming. They look well in any of the new red-brown shades, called Egyptian brown, dark blue, plum, stone, and dahlia colors.

When made as part of a costume, the material is either plain broadcloth, or the new mixed colors in smooth broadcloth, in which golden brown or red threads appear.

The fronts of such jackets are double-breasted, while the back fits the figure closely. When made in fancy cloths they have velvet collar and cuffs.

Fireside Chat.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.

OLD, discolored painting easels, long put aside as of no use, are now brought out, repainted brown or black, or gilded, and placed in a corner of a drawing-room or boudoir.

A mirror is often substituted for a picture, and sometimes decorated with a spray of flowers, painted across it in oils.

On a toilet table the mirror is occasionally arranged in this style, and finished off with a soft piece of cream lace or colored surah, corresponding with the furniture of the room, fastened at the top or one side with a bunch of flowers, fruit, or a stuffed bird with outstretched wings.

Pale blue for the easel and border of mirror when the toilet cover is blue, and white lace, or all white enamel paint, with a draped scarf of coffee-colored lace, fastened to one side with a bunch of grain and grass and a few poppies, are extremely pretty and effective.

The bunches of feathery grass, grain, small bulrushes, &c., are now sold, all ready made up, for room decoration, in large and small sizes, some arranged for table vases, and others for the very high glasses, now so fashionable. Some are 6ft. in height, and are filled with large bouglis of flowering shrubs, and even branches of gorse in full bloom.

The fashion of having the whole of a bedroom suite painted in white enamel paint is gaining ground, and in summer, and especially in a country house, it looks cool and clean.

The doors and wainscot are also white, and the color of the china matches the drapery or the trimmings of bed and toilet table.

For instance, if the china were canary-colored, the toilet table would have lace over yellow, looped with yellow ribbons; and the bed quilt would match, also the hangings and nightdress sachet. A room, decorated in this style, had the walls papered white, with panels of pink roses. The toilet table was hidden by a skirt of pink muslin, with frills of white lace, having a cluster of loops of pink satin ribbon at one edge of the table, holding a large artificial pink rose.

The mirror had a veil of pink muslin down the back, caught away from the front by two rosettes of ribbon—the one placed high on one side, and the other low on the other.

The *couvrepied* on the bed was of piece lace over pink, two opposite corners being turned back with rosettes of ribbon, to show the pink lining.

The china of the room was white, with pink roses.

This brief description may give an idea for similar decoration—less costly, perhaps, but equally effective.

Writing materials, such as the envelope case and blotter, are frequently covered in the same color as the toilet table and bed, and even the candles correspond in shade.

The common paper and bamboo Japanese hand-screens, covered with satin, sewn on as a bag all round, are, handle upwards, attached to a nail in the wall near the fireplace, and suspended by a ribbon ending in a wide bow. These are intended for holding spills.

A novel device for suspending a lamp is by a chain or strong silken cord, which crosses the room at a convenient height, and is securely fixed at two opposite corners.

The person in the room thus moves the lamp to any position agreeable to him or her, by simply raising the hand. If the lamp is of the lantern form, or purposely constructed for suspension, it is hung to a ring, slipping easily over the cord or chain; but if not, it is fitted into a sort of little ornamental basket or framework, which supports it securely.

As a substitute for the conventional clothes-basket, a bag is now attached to a triangular table, with a moveable top. The bag is hidden by a flounce either of serge embroidered in crewels, or any fancy material, fixed to the woodwork and reaching to the ground. The top of the table, when on, serves its usual purpose of holding nick-nacks. These clothes receptacles are easily made, and generally at home.

Another contrivance is to attach a bag to the ordinary towel-horse, covering it with American cloth, which should fit as compactly as possible, and fixing it to the rails at the top. The towels hang over as usual on the lower rails, as the bag is behind. The idea could be carried out with advantage where economy of room is desired.

A neat shoe case can be made in the shape of a square box, minus one side, with castors at the corners. Two or possibly three shelves, according to requirements, hold all the boots and shoes, and a little curtain falls over to keep out dust and damp. The whole is painted brown or black, with a floral device on top.

The shoe case can be run about the room on its castors, and serves to hold books, or even a plate and cup of tea, beside an invalid's chair. The size depends on individual fancy, but should not be large, or it will look cumbersome.

The Zulu hat has reappeared in a new form, and that a drawing-room ornament, intended to hold work or flowers. It is stiffened and gilded, then fixed crown downwards between three rustic sticks, crossed as if to support a gipsy kettle, with the brim bent slightly backwards.

If intended for flowers or ferns a tin is fitted into the crown, but if for work then a lining of quilted satin is tacked in.

The crossed sticks may be short, for standing on a table, or longer, about the height of a china flowerpot stand.

An ornament of this kind, recently shown me, was mounted upon a set of child's gardening tools, comprising rake, hoe, and spade, with a small sickle hooked in at one side, and secured by a bunch of ribbon loops. The tools were painted brown.

Fretwork appears to be a favorite occupation at present, and used for decoration. Dining room window blinds, front and back of piano, arched top of a looking glass, small fire screens, or between double drawing rooms where there are no folding doors.

This last is after Moorish decoration, which is very fashionable just now; the curtains fall behind.

Where there are connecting doors, a window is sometimes cut out of the wood, latticed, and made to open.

A little silken curtain hangs before it, to draw or not.

Lace and muslin window curtains are often tied with two colored ribbons loosely twisted, with one bow facing the room, and the other facing the window.

Other curtains are tied with very wide ribbon above the window sash.

Flour tubs, adapted for work, are ornamented with a band of embroidery, wool-work, or any scrap of rich material stretched tightly round.

The upper and lower parts are painted a good harmonising color, and the handle is bound over with two colored satin ribbons, with a smart bow at each side. A lining is optional.

A WELL-BRED printer never makes "pl."

Correspondence.

N. I.—The saying, "good Homer nods" means that we are all apt to make mistakes sometimes.

MAY.—We could not recommend anything more effectual for curling the hair than using papers at night.

IGNARUS.—Your mother's cousin is your second cousin. The children of two cousins are cousins-german.

CLAWTOOL.—When the wife has borrowed money it will be for the husband to show that he did not sanction the loan, otherwise he will be made liable to pay the same.

BERT.—Why not try to heal the breach between the lady's parents and yourself? It will be better to marry with their consent than without it. Probably a little sacrifice of pride on your side will make matters smooth.

RIGHT.—If a citizen of the United States or other person libels a firm in England by a writing here the offense is committed here and not in England, and the trial would be here. The question of extradition, therefore, does not come in.

J. L. B.—St. Monica was the mother of St. Augustine, born A.D. 322, and died A.D. 387. St. Margaret of Scotland was the niece of King Edward the Confessor of England, granddaughter of Edmund Ironsides, and the wife of King Malcolm Canmore of Scotland.

P. L. L.—The first Lord Holland was Henry Fox, father of the celebrated orator. The literary Lord Holland was the third lord, nephew of the statesman. His house at Kensington was one of the most famous of the London haunts of genius in the latter part of the reign of George III., and of his two successors. He died in 1840.

SUBSCRIBER.—There is not and cannot in the nature of things be such a thing as perpetual motion in the sense in which it is generally used. To make motion perpetual force must in some way be applied, either perpetually or at intervals. Chemistry, electricity or mechanism may furnish the force, and it is possible to use deception as an aid.

A. L.—"Facade" means the face or front of a building. "Facia" generally denotes the flat band or space above a shop where the name or business is written, but, as a strictly architectural term, it is applied to what is known as "the bands of an architrave," for the explanation of which we must refer you to standard works on the subject.

KAPS.—"Do as you would be done by" is the grand principle of etiquette. Consideration and respect for the feelings of others must ever be regarded as the basis of true courtesy; and hence it is that many persons not "born in the purple," as the phrase goes, are models of lady-like and gentleman-like behavior through their cultivation of this Christian virtue.

P. R. S.—The author of the lines in which the words you quote appear—"an aching void"—is Cowper. We give the whole verse, as follows:—

"What peaceful hours I once enjoyed
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill."

GEORGE.—If you really love her, and have reason to believe that she reciprocates your affection, speak to her by all means, and then, if you are worthy of each other, it will do no harm to either if you wait a few years. It will be a spur to you in your new sphere, and give you something to work for. With zeal and energy you will probably soon be able to build a nest to dwell in.

CHORISTER.—"Decani" denotes the side of the Dean or chief minister of a cathedral or other church, and "Cantoris" the side of the choir on which the cantor (or precentor) sites. The terms are used in anthems, or service music, for the purpose of directing that one side or the other shall sing a portion alone; the word "Full" being given when any passage is to be sung by the whole choir.

M. A. B.—Many actors have false teeth. False teeth are now inserted so skilfully that they produce no effect upon the voice. Of course one's natural teeth are better. The operation mentioned has never to our knowledge been performed. Possibly it can be done. The nerve of a tooth is destroyed when the tooth is extracted, and would scarcely grow again if another tooth should be inserted.

SAM B.—You have probably led the young lady to think of you as a suitor. First decide whether you wish to be so regarded, and ascertain correctly your own real position and feelings. If you simply drop the correspondence, the matter will end. But we have so often noticed that young people only discover the state of their hearts when they have broken off their intimacies, that we advise you to reflect.

S. S. B.—The French detective Vidocq had a most extraordinarily romantic career, impossible to reproduce in this column. He was in turns robber, gambler, acrobat, showman, soldier, quack doctor, forger, schoolmaster, tobacconist, detective, and journalist. He was about seventy-five when he died in Belgium, in 1858, as poor as the proverbial church mouse, after having gained, made, and spent fortunes.

REED.—Cohabitation as man and wife and reputation to be such are sufficient evidence of marriage in civil cases. Marriage is a contract between the parties to take each other as man and wife, and no formal ceremony is necessary. Merely living together however does not constitute marriage but joined with reputation as husband and wife is evidence of marriage, and as a ceremony with a minister of magistrate is not necessary, but any words constituting a contract to take each other constitutes a marriage in many cases in which parties are living together, there is a valid and complete marriage notwithstanding the absence of ceremony.

F. N. L.—The *Jews'*-harp is sometimes called the "Jews'-trump," and is commonly supposed to derive its name from the Jews, and to be employed in their music. This is not true, as they do not possess any instrument of the kind. Its present name is probably a corruption of the French jeu-trompe (a play trumpet); or it may come from what seems to be its proper name and what it is often called, "jaws'-harp," from the feel of its being played between the teeth. It is a rather ancient invention, being described in 1519 under the name of Crambalum. The best jews'-harps are made in Riva, a town in the Italian Tyrol. The first performer of any celebrity on this instrument was named Koch, a Prussian soldier in the army of Frederick the Great.